THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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THE SOLDIER'S PHOTOGRAPH.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A late paper states, that after one of the recent battles, a Union soldier was found dead beneath a tree, with a photograph representing three lovely children, clasped in his lifeless hand, which picture, a few moments before he died, he was seen to gaze upon, and fondly kiss.

Beneath the forest shade
The soldier sank to die:
With feeble hand he brushed away
The death-damps from his eye,
And strove to gaze once more,
Despite the parting pain,
Upon those pictured forms so dear,
He ne'er might view again.

Each gentle child's sweet face
Looked smiling on his own,
He almost seemed to hear once more,
Their voices' tender tone;
And o'er his dying brain
Dim memories of the past,
Came soft as some sweet sunset gleam,
The loveliest—the last.

He saw his humble home,
His children at their plays,
Their mother's dear and tender eyes—
The light of other days,
The sunshine of "sweet home"
Around him seemed to beam;
But then he waked, and knew, alas!
'Twas but a dying dream.

Amid the battle's din
He had not feared to die,
But now a pang was in his heart,
A tear-drop in his eye,
For oh! 'tis passing hard
From earthly life to part,
When both of love's soft twining arms
Are clinging round the heart.

The souls that dwell alone,
The cold, unloving brave,
May sternly mock death's icy dart,
Nor shudder at the grave;
But his the bitter pang
That wakes the hollow moan,
Who knows that dear and loving hearts
Lie bleeding with his own.

'Twas thus the soldier felt:
Yet still his failing sight
Strove faint to trace those pictured forms,
Amid death's coming night.
Upon their features dear
He fondly bowed his head,
And, as he kissed them, with a sigh
The soldier's spirit fled. FRANK.

☞ DELICACY IN CONVERSATION.—A maxim of Bruyere's is going the rounds of the English newspapers. It will do for any locality:—"There is speaking well, speaking easily, speaking justly and speaking seasonably. It is offending against the last to speak of entertainments before the indigent; of houses and lands before one who has not so much as a dwelling; in a word, to speak of your prosperity before the miserable. This conversation is cruel, and the comparison which naturally arises in them betwixt their condition and yours is excruciating."

☞ Truth being founded on a rock, you may boldly dig to see its foundations without fear of destroying the edifice; but falsehood being laid on the sand, if you examine its foundations you cause its fall.

☞ Call not that man poor or wretched who, whatever ills he suffers, has a child to love.—*Mrs. Norton.*

NEWSTEAD ABBEY, THE SEAT OF LORD BYRON.

[SEE ARTICLE ON FIFTH PAGE.]

OSWALD CRAY.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

AUTHOR OF "VERNER'S PRIDE," "THE SHADOW OF ASHLYDYATT," "SQUIRE TREVLYN'S HEIR," "THE MYSTERY," ETC., ETC.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1864, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

PART II.

LADY OSWALD'S LETTER

The room at the back, looking into the garden, on the opposite side of the passage to Neal's pantry and to Dr. Davenal's bedchamber, was the most charming apartment in all the house. Not for its grandeur; it was very small, very simple indeed compared to the grand drawing room up-stairs; not for its orderly neatness, for it was usually in a litter; a fascinating, pleasant-looking litter; and perhaps that made its charm. It was called the garden-parlor. The great drawing-room was kept sacred by its presiding mistress, to whom you will soon have the honor of an introduction; sacred and uncomfortably tidy. Not so much as a pocket-handkerchief must be laid for an instant on one of its handsome tables, its luxurious satin sofas and ottomans; not a footstool must be drawn from its appointed place, let tired legs be hanging down with weariness; not a hand-screen must be removed from the handsomely furnished mantelpiece, were lovely cheeks being roasted to crimson. Methodically proper, everything in its appointed spot, must that room be kept; a book put down in the wrong place was treason; a speck of dust all but warning to Jessy, the unhappy housemaid. The dining-room must be tidy, too; no extraneous things were allowed there, it must be kept free for the reception of the patients; the "Times" newspaper and the newest local journal, lay daily on the large mahogany table, and there the litter ended. Perhaps, therefore, it was no wonder that that other room was not always in the order it might have been.

A charming room, nevertheless, on a sunny day. Water-colored drawings and pencil sketches in plain frames lined the delicately-papered walls, loose music was strewed near the piano and harp, books lay anywhere, pretty little ornamental trifles met the eye, and fancy-work might be seen in more places than one. The glass doors at the window, large and high, stood open to the few wide steps that led to the green lawn—a lawn particularly grateful on a sultry summer's day.

For that lawn lay in the shade; the sun in the afternoon shone full on the front of the house, and the lawn was sheltered. The scent of the roses, the syringa, the heliotrope, and other powerfully perfumed flowers filled the air, and butterflies and bees flitted from blossom to blossom. It was quite a contrast to the other side of the house, with its busy street, its hot pavement, its jostling traversers, and its garish sunshine. Here lay the cool shade on the mossy lawn—the quiet and the repose of the tinted flowers.

Seated on the lawn, on a garden-bench, was a young lady, reading. A graceful girl of middle height, with large hazel eyes, quite luminous in their brightness, a well formed gentle face rather pale, and brown hair that took almost a golden tinge when the sun shone through it. There was no very great beauty to boast of in the face, but it was one of those that the eye likes to rest upon—and love. A far more beautiful face was that of another young girl, who was restlessly moving amidst the side clusters of shrubs and flowers, plucking the choicest. A face whose beauty could not be denied, with its dark violet eyes, its nearly black hair, and the damask complexion all too bright; these strangely brilliant complexions do not always go with the soundest of constitutions. She was little, fairy-like, somewhat pettish and wilful in her movements. A stranger would say they were sisters, and be puzzled to tell which of the two was the elder, which the younger. There was really no likeness between them, save in the dress—that was precisely similar: a thin gauzy silken material, cool but rich, and no doubt expensive, with a good deal of delicate colored trimming upon it, and open sleeves of white lace. Sisters they were not—only cousins.

Suddenly there was a scream from the midst of the flowers, and the young lady on the garden-bench raised her eyes to speak.

"What is it, Caroline?"

She came forth in her beauty, flinging down the flowers she had gathered, and holding out the back of her hand. A deep scratch lay right across it.

"Just look! I am always tearing myself with those wild rose brambles!"

"Poor hand! Sit down, Carrie; it is too hot for anything else to-day. What do you want with the flowers, that you need trouble yourself to get them?"

"I don't know what I want with them. Nothing. Picking them helped to pass away the time."

"Why are you so restless this afternoon?"

"Am I restless? One can't be always as quiet as you—read, read, read for ever."

An amused smile parted the reader's lips, bringing to view the pretty teeth, so white and regular.

"I will retort in nearly your own words, Carrie—am I quiet? I think not."

"Yes you are; except when the boys are at home. You are noisy enough then. I shall go and eat some fruit."

"Lend me your pencil first, Caroline."

Miss Caroline Davenal put her hand into her pocket and could not find her pencil.

"I must have left it somewhere in-doors," she said. "You'll see it if you look. What do you want with it?"

"To mark some of the passages here. It is a delightful book."

"What will Mr. Oswald Cray say to your marking them?"

"Mr. Oswald Cray asked me to mark them. He has not read it himself yet; he lent it me first."

Caroline Davenal leaned her lovely face over her cousin's shoulder, glancing at the pages of the book.

"Oh, dear! It is religious, is it not?"

"No. There happens to be a little religion, as you call it, just here."

"And is it *that* you are going to mark? Mr. Oswald Cray won't thank you."

"No. I should not be likely to mark anything of that sort for Mr. Oswald Cray. He would deem me a self-sufficient girl! You are saying it for joke, Caroline?"

Caroline Davenal laughed as she went on down the garden. In her gay, light-heartedness, in her happy youth, in her freedom from care, basking always as she had done in the sunshine of prosperity, "religion" wore to her as yet somewhat of a gloomy aspect. It is with the sadness of the world that it creeps into the heart, rarely with its smiles. Caroline Davenal would have enough of sadness ere her life should close.

She went joyously down the garden, singing a snatch of a song, putting her handkerchief over her head to guard it from the sun. The upper half of the long piece of ground was all pleasure and flowers; the lower half all usefulness and fruit-trees. Her cousin, book in hand, went up the steps and in at the glass doors to find a pencil. She was bending over the centre-table, searching for one, when Dr. Davenal entered.

"Is Caroline here?"

"She is in the garden, papa."

Dr. Davenal advanced to the window, and stood at it, ostensibly looking for Caroline. He could not see her; the fruit-trees in the distance had effectually hidden her, and the doctor appeared lost in thought. Presently he spoke, without looking round:

"Sara."

His daughter had found the pencil. She laid it down with the book, and approached him, waiting until he should speak. He was some little time yet ere he did, and then he did not seem to know how to frame his question.

"Sara, did you know that—that—in short, have you ever observed that an attachment was arising between Mr. Cray and Caroline?"

It was Sara's turn to be silent. The question was one, put from a father to a daughter, that brought up the blushes on her cheeks in her maiden modesty.

"N—o," she replied, at length. But the no, in its hesitation, sounded almost as much like yes.

"My dear, I did not ask you to deceive me," was the grave answer; "I ask for the truth."

"Oh, papa, you know—you *know* I would not deceive you," she replied, quite in distress. And Dr. Davenal pained by the tone, drew her to him and kissed her cheek. He knew how good, how loving, how dutiful was this daughter of his.

"The real truth is this, papa. Very recently, only since a day or two, a faint suspicion has arisen to my mind that it might be so. Caroline has not spoken, and I have had nothing to guide me to it, except the fact that Mr. Cray is so much here. Indeed, I do not know whether it is so or not."

"I believe I have been a little blind," observed Dr. Davenal, speaking quite as much to himself as to his daughter. "The fact is, Sara, I had a notion in my head that some one else had taken a fancy to Caroline; and I suppose I could see nothing beyond it. I speak of Mr. Oswald Cray."

It was well that Dr. Davenal's eyes were fixed on the garden, or he might have wondered at the startled change in his daughter's face. It had turned of one glowing crimson. She moved to the table, and stood there with her back to the light.

"I suppose I was mistaken; that there was nothing in it, Sara."

"Nothing, papa, I think; nothing whatever," came the low-toned answer.

"But Mr. Oswald Cray does come here a great deal when he is at Hallingham?" pursued the doctor, as if willing to debate the question.

The crimson grew deeper. Dr. Davenal did not seem to observe that there was no answer.

"Well, and no wonder, no wonder," he more impulsively resumed. "Who'd wish him to spend his lonely evenings at the Apple Tree? Am I getting selfish? A passing sojourner in the town, an acquaintance cannot seek the society of my house for an occasional evening hour, but I must jump to the conclusion that he has an interested, covert motive in it! Sara, I say, am I growing selfish—or into my dotage?"

"Oh, papa! It might be natural you should think so."

"Scarcely. How the idea came to arise, I do not understand. Heaven knows I should be the last man in the world to scheme and plan out marriages—for Caroline or for anybody else. Such matters are best left to come about of themselves. But, Sara, I wish one thing—that it had been Mr. Oswald Cray, instead of Mark."

"Do you, papa?" with the blushing face still turned from him.

"Ay, I do. I would have *trusted* her to Oswald. *How* could she choose the other in preference to him?"

Sara lifted her face. Eager words were on her lips—to the effect that perhaps Mr. Oswald Cray might not have chosen Caroline. But they died away unspoken.

"I wish you would go and tell her I want her here, Sara."

Sara slipped by the doctor, passed over the cool lawn to the distant sunny paths, and met her cousin.

"Papa wants you, Carine."

Caroline visibly recoiled in her self-conscious timidity.

"What about?" she whispered. "Did he say what about?"

"I think," said Sara, slowly, scarcely knowing whether she was doing right to speak or not, "that it is something about Mr. Cray."

For a moment Caroline made no rejoinder. She walked on and had nearly gained the lawn when she turned her head again. Sara had lingered behind.

"Sara! Sara! Did he seem angry?" she whispered.

"Not exactly angry. Vexed, I thought."

Dr. Davenal stood at the glass doors still. He put out his hand as she approached him.

"Did you want me, Uncle Richard?"

"Mr. Cray has been making an application to me, concerning you. Caroline, were you cognizant of it?"

"Now, Uncle Richard! If you are going to be cross, I—I shall be so unhappy."

"When did you ever know me cross?" he gravely rejoined, and Caroline Davenal burst into tears.

"Carrie, my dear, we must put away this childishness. You are but affecting it, and this is a serious moment. I must talk to you very earnestly. Come in, Sara. It is cooler in-doors than out."

Sara, who in her delicacy of feeling would have remained outside, went within the room and sat down to the table with her book. Caroline had dried her passing tears, and was stealing a glance at Dr. Davenal.

"You *are* angry, Uncle Richard."

"If I am, Caroline, it is for your sake; a loving anger. My chief emotion, I believe, is surprise. I never gave a thought to this; not a suspicion of it crossed me."

"I fancied you must have guessed it," was the murmured answer.

"Guessed that! No, child. But the blindness was my own, I believe. When we ourselves place one view deliberately before us, it tends to shut out others. I had got it into my head, Carrie, that it was to your score we were indebted for the frequent visits of Mr. Oswald Cray."

Caroline lifted her face, and Dr. Davenal observed how genuine was the surprise depicted on it. "Uncle Richard!"

"I see. I see now, child, that the idea was void of foundation. But, Caroline," he gravely added, "I would rather that it had been Oswald than Mark. All the world must respect Oswald Cray."

"I should think it was void of foundation!" indignantly returned Caroline, resenting the disparagement cast on Mark. "Why, Uncle Richard, Oswald Cray likes Sara a thousand times better than he likes me! But not with that sort of liking," she hastened to add, lest a construction should be put upon the words which most certainly she never meant to put. "General liking, I mean. Oswald Cray's heart is buried in his ambition, in his busy life; he gives little thought to aught else. Uncle Richard, I would not marry Oswald Cray if he were worth his weight in gold. He would find fault with me all day long."

"Well, well; let us drop Oswald Cray, and return to the point, Caroline. If—"

"Lady Oswald, sir."

The interruption came from Neal. They had not heard him open the door, and the announcement was the first intimation of his presence. Of course all private conversation was at an end, and the doctor half groaned as he turned to Lady Oswald. She came in, her warm cashmere scarf drawn round her, and her purple gown held up gracefully on the right side, after the style of walking in the fashionable world in the days when Lady Oswald was young.

Lady Oswald was one of those imaginary invalids who give more trouble to their medical attendants than a whole score of patients with real maladies. Fussy and fidgety, she exacted constant attendance from Dr. Davenal. She paid him well: but she worried him nearly out of his life. On his leisure days, when he could really afford the visit to her, and the quarter-of-an-hour's chat spent in condoling with her upon her array of ailments, and in giving her the gossip of Hallingham, he spared the time with a good grace; but in a season of pressure, he did chafe at having to pay this daily visit, when dying men were waiting for him. He had been with her that morning between ten and eleven: Neal had said she called while he was out: and now here she was again! Once or twice latterly he had sent Mr. Cray in his stead, and she had not seemed to object to it.

"Only two minutes' conversation with you, doctor," she said, in a voice naturally feeble. "You must spare it me; though it is Tuesday afternoon, and I see your dining-room's getting full. Neal said you were here, so I came in straight, not to be confounded with the patients. Only look at this letter which was delivered to me this morning, and see what it must have been to my nerves. Perkins has been giving me red lavender ever since."

"But you know, Lady Oswald, I object to your taking red lavender."

"What am I to do when a shock like that comes to me? Do read it, doctor."

Dr. Davenal, feeling that he had no time for letters or nerves just then, was yet com-

pelled in good manners to accede. He opened the note, which was a very short one, and ran his eyes over the contents, once, and then again, the first time he did not quite master them.

It was written to Lady Oswald by her landlord, a gentleman of the name of Low. It appeared that Mr. Low had some little time back received an intimation from the railway company that they should require to take a small portion of the grounds attached to the residence occupied by Lady Oswald, for the purpose of erecting certain sheds necessary at that bend of the line. This note was to inform her that he had given his consent, and it ended with a polite hope and belief that neither the sheds nor the process of their erection would prove any annoyance to her.

Dr. Davenal folded the letter when read. Lady Oswald looked at him.

"What would you advise me to do?" she asked, in a fretful tone.

"Indeed, Lady Oswald, I do not see what you can do," he thoughtfully answered, "except to submit to it."

"Submit to it! submit to their erecting railway sheds in my very garden!" she ejaculated in astonishment.

"From the very first hour that I knew they were carrying that new line of rail close to your grounds, I felt sure it would prove an annoyance to you in some shape or other," observed Dr. Davenal, speaking more to himself than to Lady Oswald. "It is a great pity, but we all have to submit occasionally to these untoward things, Lady Oswald, as we go through life."

"I shall not submit to this," she resolutely returned. "They have no more right to erect sheds on my grounds, than they have to erect them upon me. I shall forbid it."

"But the power to do so does not lie with you," objected Dr. Davenal. "You are but a tenant on lease. In point of fact, I do not suppose such power lies with any one, not even with Low himself. The railway companies seem to do pretty much as they please in the kingdom. Mr. Low will be sure to get well paid, and his consent, according to the tenor of this note, is already given."

Lady Oswald stroked her gray hair nervously down her brow.

"Dr. Davenal, I don't *believe* that the law has power so to annoy innocent people and drive them from their homes. Do you know how long I have lived in that house?"

"A great many years now. Ever since the death of Sir John."

"I have lived in it fourteen years, and I will not be driven forth at their pleasure. I expected to die in it, and I will die in it. If they attempt to touch my grounds, I shall have them warned off as trespassers, and I will keep a couple of policemen on the watch day and night."

Dr. Davenal did not then dispute the policy of the avowed plan with her, or point out its futility. In her present mood he knew it would be useless, even if he had the time to attempt it.

"Because I am a widow woman they think that they can put upon me with impunity," she resumed, "but they will find their mistake. I have telegraphed for Mr. Oswald Cray, and expect him down by night time."

"You have telegraphed for him?" cried Dr. Davenal.

"Of course I have. Who else is there to take my part, doctor, save him or you? That letter was delivered just after you left me this morning, and I sent to the telegraph at once. Oswald can fight them; he knows all about railways; they will be clever to overreach *him*."

Dr. Davenal opened his mouth to speak, but suppressed the impulsive words upon his tongue. To what end recall to Lady Oswald's attention the fact that Mr. Oswald Cray, as one of the engineers to the line, must necessarily be against her, if she had not the sense to remember it? He said a few words to the effect that he *must* go to his patients, gave Lady Oswald a half promise to see her that night, and left her to be entertained by his daughter.

"My dear, why need Miss Carine have run away from me the moment I came in?"

Sara smiled.

"Not from you, Lady Oswald; I think she wanted to run from us all. And perhaps she thought your visit was only to papa."

"How is Miss Davenal?"

"Quite well. Will you see her? She is in the drawing-room."

Lady Oswald hesitated.

"My dear, of course I should be glad to see her; I wish to pay her every respect; but—you know it is so great a trial to me—with my little weak voice. However, I will go up, as I am here. *Is* her deafness better?"

"Not at all," was Sara's answer. "I don't suppose it ever will be better. It gets worse, we think, as she grows old."

"Grows what?" cried Lady Oswald.

Sara had quick perceptions, and she felt that the word old, as applied to her aunt, had offended Lady Oswald's ear. How changed do our ideas of age become, as our own years change! To Sara Davenal, with her twenty years, her aunt, verging on fifty, was old; to Lady Oswald, who would count seventy-one her next birth-day, Miss Davenal seemed but as a youngish woman!

Lady Oswald stepped slowly up the wide staircase, one foot at a time. Sara followed her, and threw open the door of the handsome drawing-room. A large, square room, beautiful as a show place; and to keep it beautiful was the hobby of Miss Bettina Davenal.

PART III.

MISS BETTINA DAVENAL.

Miss Davenal sat in her usual seat near the window, her straight figure bolt upright, her knitting-needles plying fast their work, the small inlaid table at her right hand holding the open pearl basket of wool. How many stockings, socks, sleeves, chest-protectors, and other useful articles were knitted by Miss Davenal in the course of the year, the poor alone could tell—for they were the recipients. Hallingham surmised that she must spend half her income upon wool. There's no doubt she was a charitable, well-meaning woman at heart, but she did not always show it in her manner.

A beautiful woman in her day must have been Bettina Davenal, with her pure complexion and her classical features. But the gray eyes had a cold, hard look in them now; and the nose, across the high bridge of which the delicate skin was drawn so tightly, was almost painfully thin. The name, Bettina, had been bestowed on her at the request of a godmother, a lady of Italian origin: not an ugly name, but somewhat long for the everyday use of English tongues, and those familiar with her occasionally shortened it into "Miss Bett," a liberty that was resented by Miss Davenal. She labored under that troublesome defect, intense deafness, and also under the no less troublesome conviction (not unfrequently accompanying it) that she was not deaf at all. Her hair, of a pale flaxen, soft and abundant still, was worn in smooth braids, and was surmounted by a rich lace head-dress, very high.

She need not have added to her height: she was tall enough without it; as was seen when she rose to receive Lady Oswald. A straight-down, thin, upright figure, without crinolines or cordings, and her gray damask dress fell in wrapt folds around her as she held forth her mittened hand.

"I hope I see you better, Lady Oswald."

The tone was unnaturally high: you may have noticed that it is so sometimes in deaf people. Lady Oswald, with her weak nerves, would have put her hands to her ears had she done as she liked.

"I am not well to-day. I am worse than usual. I have had a most unpleasant shock, Miss Davenal; an upset."

"A what?" cried Miss Davenal, putting her hand to her ear.

"An upset."

"Bless my heart!" cried Miss Davenal; "did your carriage run away?"

"Tell her, Sara," groaned Lady Oswald. "I shall be hoarse for two days if I call out like this."

"Lady Oswald has had some unpleasant news, aunt. She has received notice that they are going to run the railway through her grounds."

Miss Davenal looked terrified.

"Received notice that they are going to run a railway through her! What do you mean?"

"Not through her," said Sara, putting her lips close to the deaf ears. "Through her grounds."

"But I'd not let them," cried Miss Davenal, hearing now. "I'd not let them, Lady Oswald."

"I won't," screamed Lady Oswald at the top of her voice. "I have sent for Mr. Oswald Cray."

Miss Davenal was dubious.

"What good will that do? Is it to pelt upon them? I hate those wicked railways."

"Is what to pelt upon them?"

"The clay. Did'nt you say you had sent for some clay?"

"Oh, dear! Sara, do make her understand."

Poor Sara had to do her best.

"Not clay, Aunt Bettina; Mr. Oswald Cray."

Aunt Bettina nodded her stately head.

"I like Mr. Oswald Cray. He is a favorite of mine, Lady Oswald."

"As he is of everybody's, Miss Davenal," returned Lady Oswald. "I'd have remembered him in my will but for offending the Oswald family. They are dreadfully prejudiced."

"Pinched?" echoed Miss Davenal. "Where's he pinched?"

"Prejudiced, Aunt Bettina. Lady Oswald says the Oswald family are prejudiced."

"You need not roar out in that way, Sara; I can hear, I hope. I am not so deaf as all that comes to. What's he prejudiced at?—the railway? He ought not to be, he is one of its engineers."

"Not Mr. Oswald Cray, aunt. The Oswald family. They are prejudiced against him."

"If you speak to me again in that manner, Sara, I shall complain to your papa. One would think you were calling out to somebody at the top of the chimney. As if I and Lady Oswald did not know that the Oswald family are prejudiced against Oswald Cray? We don't want you to tell it us from a speaking trumpet, we knew it before you were born. I don't think he cares for their prejudices, Lady Oswald," Miss Davenal added, turning to her.

"He would be very foolish if he did. *I* don't. They are prejudiced, you know, against me. Dear me, Sara," broke off Lady Oswald as a thought struck her, "I might have given your aunt the note to read, and saved all this explanation. She can read it now."

But the handing the note to this hopelessly deaf lady did not save trouble: on the contrary, it entailed more. Before she would open it she demanded an explanation in full of what it was, and Lady Oswald and Sara afforded it to the best of their abilities. This over, she opened it and read it: and grew as indignant over its contents as Lady Oswald had been when it first reached her.

"I don't wonder at its making you ill, Lady Oswald. Were they to send such a note as this to me in regard to those houses of mine at the other end of the town, they should smart for it. I think the world must be coming to an end, with all these rails and stations and sheds!"

"Ill!" repeated Lady Oswald, who liked nothing half so well as to speak of her own ailments, "it *has* made me ill. I was getting better, as Dr. Davenal can tell you, but this will throw me back for weeks. My maid has been giving me red lavender ever since."

Miss Davenal looked at her with a puzzled stare. "That is poison, is it not?"

"What is poison?"

"Red lead."

"I said red lavender," cried Lady Oswald. "It is very good for the spirits: a few drops taken on a lump of sugar. Red lav-en-der."

Miss Davenal resolutely shook her head. "Nasty stuff!" she cried. "Red lavender never did anybody good yet, Lady Oswald. Leave it off; leave it off."

"I don't touch it once in a month in an ordinary way," screamed Lady Oswald. "Only when anything beyond common arises to flurry me."

Miss Bettina stared at her. "What common is flooded? It is dry weather."

Lady Oswald cast a helpless look at Sara. "Flurried, Aunt Bettina," said the young lady. "Lady Oswald said when she was flurried."

Miss Bettina was not in the least grateful for the assistance. She pushed away her niece with her elbow. It was in fact next to high treason for Sara to attempt to assist Miss Davenal's deafness. "I should not allow things to flurry me, Lady Oswald. I never was flurried in my life."

"Temperaments are constituted differently," returned Lady Oswald.

"Temper!" cried Miss Davenal, as angrily as politeness would allow her, "what has temper to do with it? Who accuses me of temper?"

"Tem-per-a-ment," corrected Lady Oswald, cracking her voice. "Sara, I *must* go."

She rose quickly; she could not stand the interview any longer; but in spite of the misapprehensions they took leave of each other cordially. The same scene occurred every time they met: as it did whenever conversation was attempted with Miss Davenal. It cannot be denied that she heard better at times than at others, occasionally tolerably well: and hence perhaps the source, or partially so, of her own belief that her deafness was but of a slight nature. When alone with the familiar family voices and in quiet times, she could hear; but in moments of surprise or excitement, in paying or receiving visits, the ears were nearly hopeless.

Neal attended Lady Oswald to her carriage, which was waiting there at the gate with its powdered coachman and footman, to the gratification of the juvenile street Arabs of Hallingham; the same ever assiduous, superior servant, quite dignified in his respectability. Lady Oswald believed him perfection—that there was not another such servant in the world.

"Your mistress grows more distressingly deaf than ever, Neal," she remarked as he put her dress straight in the carriage, her own footman resigning his office to him with almost the same submission that he might have resigned it to Mr. Cray, had the young surgeon been at hand to assist her in, as he had been to assist her out.

"She does, my lady. It is a great affliction. Home," lofily added Neal to the servants: and he bowed low as the carriage drove away.

The house of Lady Oswald was an old-fashioned red-brick mansion of moderate size, two stories in height only, and with gable ends. It was exceedingly comfortable inside, and was surrounded by rather extensive grounds. At the opposite end of the town to the station, it might have been thought that that vulgar innovation, the railroad, so especially obnoxious to Lady Oswald, would at least have spared it offensive contact; but that was not to be. There was no accounting for the curves and tracks taken by those lines of the junction, and one of them had gone off at a tangent to skirt the very boundary of her land.

Seated in the front drawing-room, the one chiefly used by Lady Oswald, was a woman of some forty years, attired in a neat green-colored gown, and cap with white ribbons. This was Parkins, Lady Oswald's maid, recently promoted to be somewhat of a companion, for Lady Oswald began to dislike being much alone. A well-meaning faithful woman, with weak eyes and weak will, and given to tears on slight occasions. Parkins had also been lately made housekeeper as well as companion, and the weekly accounts connected with that department threatened to be the bane of Parkins's life. Add them up, she could not; make them come right, she could not; and she could get neither mercy nor assistance from Lady Oswald, who had always been her own account keeper, and never found any trouble in it. Two tradesmen's books were before Parkins now, and she was bending over them in despair.

"I can't as much as read the figures," she groaned: "how, then, am I to add 'em up? Last week there was an overcharge of ten shillings in this very butcher's book, and my lady found it out, and hasn't done talking to me for it yet. It *isn't* my fault: all folks are not born with a head for figures."

Had she not been so absorbed by the book and its complications, she might have seen the approach of a visitor. A tall and very gentlemanly man of some eight-and-twenty years, with a countenance that would have been remarkably frank and pleasing but for the expression of pride pervading it: nay, that *was* frank and pleasing in spite of the pride. He could not help the pride; it was innate, born with him; he did not make his own face, and the lines of pride were there. His features were pale, his hair was dark; his eyes were dark blue, and lay rather deep in his head; good and honest eyes they were, searching and truthful, and when he smiled, as he was smiling now, it made full amends for deficiencies, obliterating every trace of pride, and imparting a singular charm to the face.

His approach had been discerned by one of the maid servants, and she had come to the hall door and was holding it open. It was at her he had smiled, for in manner he was exceedingly affable. Perhaps the very consciousness of the pride that clung to him and which was his besetting sin, rendered him resolute that in manner at least he should not offend.

"How are you, Susan? Is Lady Oswald within?"

"No, sir, my lady's out," was the girl's reply, as she dropped a curtsey. "Parkins is in the drawing-room, sir, I think: I dare say she can tell whether my lady will be long."

He laid on the hall table a small roll of paper or parchment that he carried, threw off a dusty light overcoat, and took up the roll again. Susan opened the drawing-room door.

"Mr. Oswald Cray."

Parkins gave a scream. Parkins was somewhat addicted to give screams when startled or surprised. Starting up from her chair and her perplexing books, she stood staring at him, as if unable to take in the fact of his presence. Parkins believed in marvels, and thought one had been enacted then.

"Oh, sir, how *did* you come? You must have travelled surely on the telegraph wires?"

"Not I," answered Mr. Oswald Cray, smiling at her astonishment, but not understanding its cause. "I left London by rail this morning, Parkins."

"A telegraph message went up for you an hour or two ago, sir," continued Parkins. "My lady has had bad news, sir, and she sent for you."

"I had no message. I must have left London previously. What bad news has she had?"

"It's them railway people, sir," explained Parkins. "They have been writing a letter to my lady—leastways the landlord has—saying that they are going to take these grounds and build upon them. I haven't seen her so upset for a long while, sir. When she got a bit better from the shock, and had sent to the telegraph, she ordered the carriage, and set off to tell Dr. Davenal."

"Do you expect her to be long?" he asked, thinking that, if so, he might go about some business he had to do, and come back again.

"I expect her every minute, sir; she has been gone a great deal longer than I thought she'd be away."

He walked to the window, unrolled the parchment and began to look at it. It seemed a sort of map, drawn with ink. Parkins, who, whatever might be the companionship she was admitted to by her mistress, knew her place better than to remain in the presence of Mr. Oswald Cray, gathered up her account book and her pen and ink, and prepared to quit the room.

"Shall I order you any refreshment, sir," she stopped to ask.

"Not any, thank you."

She closed the door, leaving him deep in his parchment. Another minute, and the carriage was seen bowling quickly up. He went out to meet it: and Lady Oswald gave a scream as Parkins had done, and wanted to know how he had got there.

"I came down on my own account, Lady Oswald," he said, as he gave her his arm to lead her in. "My visit is a purposed one to you."

"I'm sure you are very good, Oswald! It is not often that you honor me with a visit. When you are staying in the neighborhood for days and days, a simple call of ceremony is about all I get."

His lips parted with that peculiar smile which made his face at these moments so attractive. "When I am in the neighborhood, Lady Oswald, business nearly overwhelms me. I have not much time to call my own."

Lady Oswald untied her bonnet, and threw herself into a chair: only the drive to Dr. Davenal's and back had tired her. Parkins came into the room to take her things, but she waved her hand sharply, impatient at the interruption. "Presently, presently,"—and Parkins left them alone again.

"Oswald, do you know what a cruel letter I have had this morning? They want to bring that wretched railway through my grounds."

"Not the railway," he said, correcting her. "They are proposing to build some sheds upon the boundaries of them."

"You know about it, then?"

"Yes; I came down to acquaint you, and I am sorry you should have heard it from any one else first. I could have spared you one half the alarm and annoyance it seems to have caused. Look here. This is the plan."

He spread the paper out before her. He pointed out the very small portion of the grounds, and in the remotest part of them, not in sight of the house, or the parts ever walked in by herself, that was proposed to be taken: he assured her that the projected sheds were but small sheds, for barrows, trucks, and such things, to stand under; that they would, in point of fact, be no annoyance to her, that she never need see or hear them. All in vain. Lady Oswald had set her mind bitterly against the innovation; she could neither be persuaded nor soothed, and she felt vexed with Mr. Oswald Cray that he should attempt it.

"It is very well for you to praise it," she resentfully said. "Your interest lies in the line, not in me. Perhaps they have bribed you to say all this."

For a single moment his face grew dark, and its haughty pride shone out quite repellantly; the next he was smiling his sweet smile. None knew better than Oswald Cray how rebelliously false the tongue is apt to be in moments of irritation.

"Dear Lady Oswald, you know that it is foreign to my nature to cause needless pain. When this news reached my ears a week ago, for the plan did not originate with me, I bestirred myself to see whether it might not be relinquished; whether, in short, the sheds could not be erected on any other portion of the line. But I find that there is no other portion available so close to the station."

"There's that piece of waste ground midway between this and the station," she answered. "Why can they not take that?"

"Another station is to be made there. One for goods."

"Another station! Do they think to bring all the world to Hallingham?"

"They are bringing a great many lines of rails to it."

"But they need not disturb my possessions to make room for them!" she quickly retorted. "Surely your interest might get this spared to me!"

In vain Mr. Oswald Cray strove to convince her that on this point he had no influence whatever. Nay, he confessed to her, in his candid truth, that, as one of the engineers to the line, he could only acquiesce in the expediency of that part being used for the sheds, that there was no other spot so available.

"I drew this plan out myself," he said, "partly from our charts of the line, partly from my personal recollection of your grounds. I wished to demonstrate to you how very little a portion of them is in fact required. Will you put on your bonnet again, Lady Oswald, and walk with me to the spot? I will show you the exact measure they intend to take."

"No, I won't," said Lady Oswald, angrily. "And you ought not to turn against me, Oswald. It is the principle of the thing I go upon; the resistance that, in my opinion, should be universally made to these intrusive railways which are cutting up the country and ruining it. If they wanted to take but one foot of my ground, if they only wanted that dry ditch that skirts it, they should never have it by my consent, and I will hold out against it to the last. Now you know."

She sat nervously unpinning her cashmere scarf, her hands trembling so that she could scarcely hold the gold pins as she took them out. Oswald Cray slowly rolled up the parchment. He had come down from town at a very busy moment when he could ill spare the time, with the sole hope of soothing the news to her, of putting her in good humor with what must inevitably be. He had received many little kindnesses from her in his life, especially in his boyhood; and he was one to treasure up the remembrance of kindness shown, and repay it if he could.

It may seem a very trifling thing, this project of erecting a few low trumpery sheds; as may Lady Oswald's inveterate objection to it. But it is on trifles that the great events of life turn; and but for this project of the sheds, this not-to-be-conquered refusal, the greater portion of this story need never have been written.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ Cork carpeting has been introduced in England. It is durable and sightly.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 9, 1864.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

Our Sewing-Machine Premium.

In answer to various letters, we would repeat that as to our clubs generally, they can be made up of either periodical, or of both, as suits the members. And, if the getter-up of a club for THE POST prefers the Magazine as a Premium, he can have it; while THE POST will be sent as a Premium for the Magazine clubs, if desired.

The Sewing-Machine Premium, it will be seen, applies to both periodicals; *as well as to mixed clubs made up of the magazine and the paper.* This is a splendid premium, and we are glad to see that numbers design availing themselves of it. These machines cannot be bought for less than the price we mention, FORTY-FIVE DOLLARS!

GREAT TACTICS.

The *Moniteur*, the official paper of the French government, thus comments on the battle of Chickamauga:

The results of this battle prove once more the inferiority of American generals as tacticians. We see, during the battle, that there was too much heaviness in getting into position, too little use made of cavalry, and too great recklessness in attempting to execute movements while the men were under fire. There was, also, too much hesitation. Aside from these faults, which proceed from defects of instruction in the generals, the Americans have once more given proof of the most brilliant valor, of a real progress in other particulars. But of the sure and rapid movements of *la grande guerre* they are still ignorant, and that is the reason why the American victories remain so sterile of results.

Probably in the course of time the French military critics will ascertain one important fact, that when armies are composed of intelligent men, who are determined not to be defeated, the "sure and rapid movements of *la grande guerre*" are apt to be neither very sure nor very rapid. When an army which is defeated according to the books, will not acknowledge the defeat, but will still fight on, contending to the last man and the last bayonet, the operations of the successful party lose that brilliant appearance which they would otherwise possess. For instance, had the French at Waterloo not become disheartened, their defeat would not have been the utter and complete rout that it was.

Now with the exception of Bull Run, the battles in the present great struggle, while they have resulted in defeats, have not resulted in the panic and partial disorganization of the defeated army. We believe it to be not so much the want of ability in the generals, as the determined endurance and courage of the rank and file, which have stood in the way of "those sure and rapid movements of *la grande guerre*" to which the *Moniteur* alludes. As those great tactical movements failed at Waterloo, even when directed by the greatest warrior of modern times—not so much because of the counter ability of Lord Wellington, as of the stubborn resistance and dogged endurance of the British soldiery—so they fail of their full effect continually in America. In the Mexican campaign, at Buena Vista, it is a common remark that our soldiers at one time were really defeated, "but they did not know it," and afterwards won the battle. And you cannot now persuade the soldiers of the army of the Potomac, that they were defeated on the peninsula—they all believe that they could have gone into Richmond, if the order to advance had been given, instead of the order to retreat—and we are half disposed to agree with them.

NURSERY LITERATURE.

That genial and delightful essayist, Charles Lamb, got an order from the poet Coleridge for some reading for his son Hartley. Lamb wrote back:

"*Goody Twoshoes* is almost out of print. Mrs. Barbauld's stuff has banished all the old classics of the nursery; and the shopman at Newbery's hardly deigned to reach them off an old exploded corner of a shelf when Mary asked for them. Mrs. B. and Mrs. Trimmer's nonsense lay in piles about. Knowledge insignificant and vapid as Mrs. B.'s books convey, it seems, must come to a child in the *shape* of *knowledge*, and his empty noddle must be turned with conceit of his own powers when he has learned that a horse is an animal, and that Billy is better than a horse, and such like, instead of that beautiful interest in wild tales which made the child a man, while all the time he succeeded himself no bigger than a child. Science has succeeded to poetry no less in the little walks of children than with men. Is there no possibility of averting this sore evil? Think what you would have been if, instead of being fed with tales and old-wives' fables in childhood, you had been crammed with geography and natural history."

As there is some danger of the recoil from the scientific to the poetical, in children's books, being too great and absolute,

we may give our opinion in favor of a proper mixture of both kinds of books. Discard neither class from your children's little libraries, and they may mutually correct and supply the deficiencies of each other.

Lamb tells Coleridge in the above to think what he would have been, if his reading as a child had been different. Now it seems to us that Coleridge would have had a good chance of being a more practical and sensible man than he was, if his early reading had been more practical and scientific. He had sufficient of the dreamy and poetical in his natural constitution—it was the other side of his nature that wanted culture and development. The soul cannot fly well with only one wing.

A LIBEL.

In one of the works of the great German writer, Richter, we find the following, which the majority of our lady readers will probably agree with us in denominating an atrocious libel upon the sex:

The man, for the most part, like the warrior, says only one, and consequently the same imperial No; whereas women can scarcely say to a child, Be quiet! without colon and semi-colon, and most necessary notes of interrogation and exclamation. Was there ever in history an instance of a woman training a dog? Or could a generaless, in commanding her marching army to halt, ever express herself otherwise than thus: "All you people, as soon as I have done speaking, I command you all to stand still in your places: halt, I tell you!"

We do not know what Richter's experience was, but we think there are a good many men who could testify, if they would, that upon occasion a woman—and even a very young one—can give the shortest and most emphatic kind of a no. And when the no is not given in an emphatic fashion to a rejected lover, it probably is owing generally more to the kindness of heart of the lady, and her desire to avoid giving pain, than to any lack of the requisite power of brevity and condensation.

As to commanding an army, whatever the German ladies might be able to do, we think we know many a fair American mouth, out of which the requisite military orders could come as curt and emphatic as musket balls. Scores, and probably hundreds, of women have gone through our recent American campaigns in the ranks, disguising their sex, and holding their tongues—which latter especially, we think a far more difficult undertaking.

THE NORTHERN FEELING.

The correspondent of the *London Times*, writing from Richmond, Va., speaks as follows of the relative confidence of the two sections in their respective causes:—

"No one who has been conversant with the Northern states during the last two and a half years can have failed to notice with astonishment the faith, stronger than death, which the northerners have exhibited in their 'star,' their 'manifest destiny,' their 'religion,' their Alpha and Omega, their dream of dominion from sea to sea, and, to quote Mr. Everett's words, 'from the icy pole to the flaming belt of the equator.' No parallel faith has ever been exhibited by the Confederate states in their future. Six great southern victories in the field and three drawn battles, embracing the nine principal collisions of the war, the entire absence of any such panic routs as Bull Run or Chickamauga, the tried inefficacy of the Federal blockade, the unmolested predatory flight of Alabamas and Floridas at sea, have altogether failed to inspire the masses of the South with a tithe of that confidence in themselves which neither defeat nor disaster, nor hope deferred, nor illusions dispelled, have ever shaken out of the northerners. Deny it who may, there is something sublime in this shadowy earnestness and misty magnificence of northern faith and self-reliance."

The reason is very evident. The Union cause has all the sacred traditions of the Past, and all the glorious hopes of the Future to sustain it. The sages and heroes that are gone bless it; the genius of Civilization enshrines it as holy. Thus the Northern people know that "the stars in their courses fight for it"—and to admit that it might possibly be defeated, would be to admit that Truth and Right might be vanquished, in a fair field, by Falsehood and Error.

SINGULAR PHENOMENON.

Mr. A. P. M., of Lena, Illinois, sends us a description of a singular phenomenon that was seen at that place about the middle of December, 1861. He says:—

It was on a cold, clear evening, sometime near the middle of December, 1861, that the attention of the inhabitants of this section was directed to the unusual appearance of the moon. The weather had been very cold during the day, the night was clear, there not being a cloud in the sky. As the moon rose it was surmounted by a large cross, which when high enough to be wholly seen, was some 30 deg. or 40 deg. in length, and the cross beam nearly the same. The cross was bright yellow, or rather gold colored, and nearly as bright as the moon. This was surmounted by an inverted rainbow near the zenith. A circle surrounded the cross connecting the extreme ends, (something like what usually accompanies mock suns). This circle was quite dim. This, as you will see from the date, was just previous to the breaking out of the rebellion, and many at that time endeavored to prove it a sign of war. Perhaps some of your readers may be able to give this a scientific explanation.

The above certainly was rather an unusual phenomenon. If it had anything to do with the war, however, we should think the people of other sections would also have been favored with a similar warning or prognostication; unless the people about Lena are rather better—or worse—than the generality of their fellow citizens, and therefore more in need of signs and omens.

A PLEASANT FACT.

Those who dislike unscrupulous journalism, will be pleased to hear that the *London Times*, which formerly supplied about four-fifths of the daily newspaper reading of the English public, now supplies only about one-tenth of said reading. Mr. Cobden makes this statement in a recent letter. We suppose that the *Times* has not so much fallen off in circulation as in readers; it not being passed from hand to hand probably so much as formerly; its place being occupied by other and cheaper papers. While no one denies the ability, in a literary sense, of the editors of the *Times*, their ignorance, geographical and otherwise, of the United States, is something wonderful. A respectable editor in Philadelphia or New York would be ashamed of making such mistakes relative to the interior of Africa, as the *Times* has made when treating of a country fully described in scores of charts, geographies, gazetteers, and histories.

MINNESOTA.

The following is an extract of a letter from a friend in Minneapolis, Minnesota. The letter is dated Dec. 12th, 1863:

It is evening; the wind is whistling round the house, the windows rattle, a snow-storm is raging without, but the kettle sings soothingly on the stove, as we sit by our *two* fires, as comfortable as warmth and plenty can make us. The stove-pipe from our two stoves passes up into the bedroom: we keep fire up all night in the air-tight stove, so that we cannot well suffer from cold. Thus far there has been little severe weather. I have been wishing for cold and snow to come, for good sleighing and settled weather. For a few days we had Delaware winter, mud, and wet, and fog,—really tiresome it was. There is so much more vigor imparted by frosty, keen air, full of oxygen as it is.

—All hands are busy just now preparing for a visit to Mankato and Blue Earth. The idea of such a journey in mid-winter would frighten any but Minnesotians, and I confess to some demurrings on account of the children, but people here travel about, visiting in winter more than they do in Delaware, or any other place that I know of. What nice times the boys and girls have skating! Yesterday there was a crowd of skaters on the Mississippi, old and young, particularly little girls, who swept along swiftly and gracefully. I thought how much prettier they looked than the boys. In the vicinity of St. Paul, too, I saw quite a number enjoying themselves on the glittering ice of the small lakes that abound everywhere. No one ever thinks of danger here; the ice is too thick. O—— saw the schoolboys skating on our mill-pond, and he was all in a fever to have skates and join in the sport. We have an old pair of skates in the house, and he begged me to fix them for him. I put straps to them, and he skated over the floor with great delight, soon learning to stand up on them without difficulty. I will get him a small pair that will fit him better, and before spring I expect to see this three-year-old boy skating with other boys.

—We get beef for 3½ cents a pound, which is very dear for this country. I never tasted such tender beefsteaks. We have a lot of beef in the cold kitchen all frozen; it keeps fresh all winter, and we chop off a steak whenever we want it.

SEWING MACHINES.

A lady correspondent of a London fashionable paper says:

Sewing machines have introduced many new elements into the toilette; thus the best out-door visiting dress this winter will be that trimmed with applications of embroidered velvet, forming leaves, lilies, and other flowers, which are sewn upon the dress by means of a machine. I have seen a complete toilette in light violet *poult de soie*, a bluish violet, with an iris garland around the skirt, in velvet application, stitched round with white silk; a circular mantle to match edged with violet chenille fringe. No style of dress could be in better taste for paying visits, and for promenades. A mauve crepe bonnet, ornamented with a plush iris and foliage, accompanied this toilette. The same style was copied in terry velvet; a silver grey terry velvet dress, with applications of blue velvet bellflowers. For ball dresses this proves a charming style of trimming. Blue velvet flowers upon white *gros grain* have an excellent effect. Light materials are also embroidered with round silk cord, and the mixture of embroidery with velvet applications, stitched by the machine, is very rich.

Gauzes with satin stripes are now manufactured expressly for these velvet flowers; a crystalline of good quality is very suitable for the purpose. Those ladies who are industriously inclined, can arrange for themselves these pretty novelties. A sewing-machine and good taste are the only requisites for the work.

[We may add that Wheeler & Wilson's famous machines are the best in the country for the above fashionable kinds of work. If our city readers wish to satisfy themselves on this point, let them call in at the agency, in Chestnut street, *above* Seventh, and see the beautiful specimens of work there.—Ed. Sat. Eve. Post]

☞ A religious writer recently spoke of an opponent as "an exceedingly sectarian unsectarian—a very bigoted anti-bigot." That describes a great many men.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

LITERATURE AND FASHION.

The January number of our New Magazine has met with a very flattering reception from the Journals of the country. Read the following among many

NOTICES OF THE PRESS.

The Lady's Friend.—This is the title of a new monthly magazine, the first number of which—for January, 1864—is on our table. We announced some time ago that Messrs. Deacon & Peterson, of Philadelphia, were about to commence the publication of a new magazine under the above title, and they have done so. It is hardly enough to say that we are pleased with the appearance of the first number; we are delighted with it, and it is surely destined to make a most favorable "impression" on the ladies. It is an elegantly printed work, containing 68 pages of matter, and offers more attractions than can be found in some magazines of larger size and which have grown gray, as it were, with age. The reading matter is of the very first quality, as some of the best literary talent in the country has been employed to enrich its columns. It is ably edited by Mrs. Henry Peterson; is well printed and handsomely illustrated, and is full of excellent original reading. Among its contributors are Miss Eleanor C. Donnelly, whose excellent little sketch called, "Gabriel Wilkie's Return," appears with a steel engraving in this number; Miss Eugenia Mott, Mrs. Peterson, Miss Virginia Townsend, Marion Harland, and many others. "A Mediæval Poem," by Mrs. Randolph, probably contains the best thoughts of the number.—*Forney's Press, Philadelphia.*

The Lady's Friend.—The January number of this new candidate for public favor has been received, and has every requisition necessary to win its way to patronage and success. Ably edited, handsomely illustrated, finely gotten up, with an abundance of choice poems, tales, &c., from the best of writers, we hope to enjoy its monthly visits for years to come.—*Mount Joy (Pa.) Herald.*

The Lady's Friend.—The first number of this new magazine has been received. Its frontispiece, entitled "Gabriel Wilkie's Return," is a beautiful steel-plate engraving. It also contains a double colored fashion plate, besides other engravings. Its literary matter is of the best kind.—*Chester Valley Union.*

It is a beautiful book, and if the first No. is to be the criterion, the "Lady's Friend" is destined to take a front rank among the fashion Monthlies.—*New Jersey Leader, Clinton, N. J.*

A New Ladies' Magazine.—Messrs. Deacon & Peterson have just placed before the public the first number of a new magazine, called The Lady's Friend. It is evidently very well edited, by Mrs. Henry Peterson; is well printed and handsomely illustrated, and is full of excellent original reading. Among its contributors are Miss Eleanor C. Donnelly, whose excellent little sketch called, "Gabriel Wilkie's Return," appears with a steel engraving in this number; Miss Eugenia Mott, Mrs. Peterson, Miss Virginia Townsend, Marion Harland, and many others. "A Mediæval Poem," by Mrs. Randolph, probably contains the best thoughts of the number.—*Forney's Press, Philadelphia.*

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A SEWING MACHINE GRATIS!

We will *give* to any person sending thirty subscriptions to THE LADY'S FRIEND and Sixty Dollars, one of WHEELER & WILSON'S CELEBRATED SEWING MACHINES, such as they sell for Forty-five Dollars. The Machines will be selected new at the manufactory in New York, boxed, and forwarded free of cost, with the exception of freight.

In procuring subscribers for this Premium, we prefer that the thirty subscribers should be procured at the regular terms of Two Dollars for each, but where this cannot be done, they may be procured at our club rates, and the balance of the Sixty Dollars forwarded to us in cash by the person desiring the machine. *The Magazines will be sent to different Post-Offices, if desired.* Every person collecting names should send them with the money as fast as obtained, so that the subscribers may begin at once to receive their Magazines, and not become dissatisfied with the delay. When the whole number of names (thirty), and whole amount of money (Sixty Dollars), is received, the machine will be duly forwarded.

TERMS.

Our terms will be the same as those for that well known weekly paper, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, published by us for the last *seventeen years*—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly, where it is so desired—and will be as follows:

CASH IN ADVANCE.

1 copy, one year,	$2.00
2 copies, one year,	3.00
4 copies, one year,	6.00
8 copies, and one to getter-up of club,	12.00
20 copies, and one to getter-up of club,	28.00
One copy each of THE LADY'S FRIEND and SATURDAY EVENING POST,	3.00

☞ Single numbers of THE LADY'S FRIEND (postage paid by us) 20 cents.

☞ The matter in The Lady's Friend will always be different from that in The Post.

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☞ Editors who insert the above, or condense the material portions of it for their editorial columns, shall be *entitled* to an exchange, by sending us a *marked* copy of the paper containing the advertisement or notice.

☞ My friend called my attention to this remarkable psychological fact, namely:—There is no such thing as a female punster. This remark struck me forcibly, and on reflection, I found that *I never knew nor heard of one*, though I have once or twice heard a woman make a single detached pun, as I have known a hen to crow.—*Holmes.*

☞ The National Union League has in existance about 4,500 councils of that order in the loyal states, with a membership of over 750,000 in number. Wisconsin has over 200 councils and 25,000 members, and Illinois 140,000 members.

☞ Mr. Spurgeon, the London preacher, lately remonstrated with the young ladies of his congregation for fainting away so often.

☞ Everybody has heard of the famous letter that passed between the adverse chiefs of Tir Connell and Tyrone, the most laconic correspondence in history:—

"Pay me my tribute, or if you don't—
O'Connell."

"I owe you no tribute, and if I did—
O'Neil."

☞ A feeble-looking waterman was, a few days ago, summoned for doing damage to the river Thames. It was proved that he had twice attempted to *pull up the stream.*

☞ Not Bad.—Uneducated persons and even the rudest, often succeed in illustration, where the thoughtful and cultivated fail. A striking instance is given us in the case of a negro, whose head was examined by a phrenologist. A volume of argument could scarcely have conveyed more to our mind than the fellow's homely speech:—"It's hard, massa, to tell what meat is in de smoke house, by putting de hand on de roof."

☞ Good beef sold in Fredericton, N. B., last week for 2 cents per pound; in Bangor, Maine, good young beef can be had by the quarter for 5½ to 6 cents.

MOSAIC VERSES.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

She comes—the spirit of the dance! —*Osgood.*
Affection still to prove; —*E. Bogart.*
'Twas from an Emir's palace, —*Campbell.*
Sweet spirit of my love! —*Massey.*

Oh, Maryanne, you pretty girl, —*Allingham.*
Gazing on the roaring sea, —*Lowell.*
Oh, will thou sew my buttons on? —*Punch.*
Till Ellen Adair come back to me.—*Tennyson.*

I know a maiden fair to see, —*Longfellow.*
When to kiss and to count you endeavor;
—*Moore.*
But, oh, Love, I love but thee— *Mrs. Browning.*
Forever and forever. —*Miss Mulock.*

"Men are fickle," the maiden sighed, —*Pollard.*
Oh, she is wondrous fair to see! —*M. M. Lee.*
In life can love be sought with gold?—*Johnson.*
To smile on a thing like thee? —*Holmes.*

Away flies the dream I had nourished —*Willis.*
No longer Deary, Duck, and Love, —*Hood.*
Wonder ye I start at shadows? —*Lantern.*
For years fleet away with the wings of a dove.
—*Byron.*

Oliver Wendell Holmes's Autograph Contribution to the Cincinnati Fair.—Oliver Wendell Holmes, in response to a letter, has written the following to Mr. McLaughlin, chairman of the Autograph Committee:—

Boston, Dec. 14, 1863.

Dear Sir:—You ask me for a list of questions in natural history, with answers subjoined, for the use of the instructor. I submit a few, which I think will serve your purpose for the proposed examination of the scientific class:—

1. What animal produces one of its own parents?

Answer. The beaver, which is well known to construct its own *dam.*

2. Is the Dodo extinct?

Answer. It is not, as shown by the following bill in my possession:—

Mr. —— to X——,	Dr.
One mongrel goose	$3 00
On *Do do*	3 00
	$6 00

3. What is the largest quadruped?

Answer. The *mole* of Adrain.

4. What is the lightest quadruped?

Answer. The lynx. The lynx weighs less than an *ounce.*

5. When does a horse stand on six legs?

Answer. When he stands on his *fore* legs and his two hind legs also.

6. What other insect is the bee afraid of?

Answer. The beetle—(scare a bee-us.)

7. Is the otter of roses obtained from that animal when fed on other vegetables—cabbages, for instance?

Answer. Probably. The musk deer furnishes his perfume when fed on *water*-melon.

8. What instance can you give of the cunning of serpents?

Answer. The simple fact that they secrete their venom where they can find it when wanted.

9. Why do the above questions amuse you more than the answers?

Answer. Because the person who asks the question is the querist.

As to the other questions about which you ask my opinion, my answer must be brief.

Eighteen hours' study out of the twenty-four is too much, I think, for delicate young persons. It does not allow sufficient time for sleep, recreation, and meals.

I doubt about the introduction of capital punishment as a part of the ordinary college discipline. It will have a good effect on the survivors, no doubt.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Recent Sunsets.—The N. Y. Evening Post talks thus pleasantly of a week of sunsets which probably others noted as curiously uncommon:

"The present season, in this part of the country at least, has been remarkable for the beauty of its sunsets. These have been generally almost cloudless, like the sunsets in Italy and in the Levant, with an amber-color or orange light flushing the whole sky and streaming into every nook and recess open to the air, scarcely casting any shadow, or casting but a faint and undefined one, from the objects on which it falls. The most beautiful sunsets in our climate—and exceedingly beautiful they are—have generally been those in which the clouds have been the most conspicuous accessories, curtaining the declining sun with their pomp of colors, purple, crimson, orange and gold, and their almost metallic brilliancy and glitter. Just now, however—up to the time of the late storm—we have had a succession of sunsets often without a single defined cloud in the sky, as if these meteors had been hidden to withdraw for a season, in order to exhibit to our eyes some of the phenomena presented by the most beautiful climates of the old world."

Railroad Travelling in the South.—The southern correspondent of the London Times says it is safer to go into action than to take a long journey by rail in the confederacy. The trains run "wild," that is, at the convenience of the conductors, and there being but single lines of track there is nothing to prevent collisions; the rails are worn down to the thickness of a lady's little finger, and the numerous treatle bridges creak and tremble as a train passes in such a fashion as would, in England, elicit one hundred letters per diem to the Times from agonized passengers. The Times correspondent was two days and two nights in getting from Chickamauga to Atlanta, a distance of only 130 miles.

☞ Fuller calls it the misery of moderation that the moderate man never has any party to stand by him.

☞ An English paper says that one comfort of the war in New Zealand is, that when the New Zealanders are abolished, the fellow who is to sit upon an arch of London Bridge and sketch the ruins of St. Paul's will cease to be put at the end of the 365 leading articles in which he has flourished every year since he was born of the imagination of Lord Macaulay.

LATEST NEWS.

The steamer Arago has arrived from Port Royal and Charleston Bar. On Christmas morning Gillmore sent several shells into the city, and set fire to a number of houses. The U. S. gunboat Marblehead was fired into by a rebel battery in Stono Inlet, and lost two men. Subsequently the Pawnee came up and the rebels were driven out of their works, leaving two 8-inch sea coast howitzers, which were brought away by our men.

The Evening Star has arrived with New Orleans dates to the 29th. Indianola has been taken without opposition by General Fitz Henry Warren. Among the documents captured was the address of General Magruder to the people of Texas. General Ullman has gone, with four regiments, to the mouth of the Red river.

A Cumberland (Md.) dispatch, dated Jan. 1, says that our pickets near Winchester have been driven to Bunker's Hill.

Archbishop Hughes died Sunday evening, Jan. 3, at his residence in New York city.

The steamer City of Baltimore has passed Cape Race, with Liverpool advices of the 23rd ult. The rebellion in India is increasing in importance. The British have sustained heavy losses. It is asserted that the Archduke Maximilian will not accept the Mexican crown, and that Napoleon will have to cast about for some one else.

☞ Some writers are known now almost exclusively by names by which they never knew themselves, or by pseudonyms. The name Chrysostom was not given to John, Bishop of Antioch, until some time after his death. Others are most familiar to us by the names they assumed. John Henry Jung, of whose life we have at least two translations into English, is known in Germany and among us as Jung-Stilling; Richter is always called Jean Paul; the name Procter is almost superceded by Barry Cornwall.

☞ A good one is told of a Quaker volunteer who was in a Virginia skirmish. Coming in pretty close quarters with a rebel, he remarked—"Friend, it's unfortunate, but thee stands just where I'm going to shoot," and, blazing away, down came the rebel.

☞ Some people were hit on Thanksgiving-day when a Chicago clergyman said: "Shoddy comes from the devil, and those who supply shoddy to our gallant soldiers, go to the devil."

☞ A young lady in Chardon, Wisconsin, has just received a large healing plaster for her broken heart, in the shape of a verdict of $10,000 damages against the gay deceiver. It was proved that the "courtin'" began when she was "sweet seventeen;" that it continued regularly for fourteen years. He then went to New York and returned with a wife!

☞ Adelina Patti seems to be getting out of favor in the Continental capitals. At Vienna she was so little appreciated that the directors of the Prague Theatre thought it would prove a bad speculation to engage her. The Germans say she is wanting in sentiment. At Berlin, notwithstanding the crowds that nightly attend the Victoria Theatre, they rarely mention the once favorite Patti.

☞ A mill for the manufacture of flax cotton has been constructed at Toledo, Ohio, which will turn out two thousand pounds per day, requiring four thousand pounds of the raw material, for which ten cents per pound is paid. The cotton itself is contracted to an eastern house, to be used in the manufacture of satinets. It brings thirty-five cents per pound, which will give the mill a return of seven hundred dollars per day.

☞ Major Brua Cameron, a son of Simon Cameron, has been placed upon the retired list, with the pay of an acting paymaster of the army, and he will therefore receive for life from a grateful country $2,000 a year. Major Brua Cameron has been in the army *just two years!*—*N. Y. Atlas.*

☞ I have a brother—a wee little chap—who sometimes says things we think very odd. One day, as he was disposing of some bread and milk, he turned around to his mother, and said, "Oh, mother, I'm *full of glory!* There was a sunbeam on my spoon, and I swallowed it!"

☞ Women vs. Girls.—Women ought to be of more importance to society than girls, but who does not know that the case is exactly the reverse? How many women do we all know who shrink from society, give their whole time to family duties, bury themselves up at home, and seem to be of no other use in the world than to dress their girls for parties, and keep the house in order for their beaux. Of course the children grow up with the idea that mother is of no consequence and don't know the world. They go abroad for their opinions, and spurn all home influence.

☞ There is many an unfortunate one whose heart, like a sunbeam, always appears loveliest in its breaking asunder.

☞ Of all the Percy family the noblest is Percy Vere, (persevere,) and the most cruel Percy Cute (persecute.)

☞ The fuel question has been solved in Minnesota by the discovery of immense beds of peat near St. Paul. It is said to burn as well in a grate as coal, and can be furnished for from two to three dollars per cord.

☞ There are 480 looms running in Massachusetts making balmoral skirts.

☞ A Pity.—Jenny Lind, it is said, has lost her voice. This is related to have made itself painfully apparent on the occasion o her singing in the "Elijah," of Mendelssohn, lately, in England.

THE DREAM OF LOVE.

BY N. G. SHEPHERD.

From hopeless clouds of an ashen gray;
The rain had fallen the whole day long
We had sung the last of an old loved song,
Each waiting to hear what the other would say.

We had played at chess for an hour or more,
She had mated me thrice with an easy grace;
We had cards, and a game at battledore,
Till we woke the echoes about the place.

I had traced her fortune along her hand,
She had pictured mine in the self-same way;
Hers I painted with hues of fairy land,
She drew mine as dark as a polar day.

We had the poets both old and new,
And pored over legends of wild romance—
How a handsome knight a dragon slew,
With his strong right arm and his faithful lance.

We had tired of all, and had idly walked,
Her hand on my arm up and down the room,
Till she weary grew; when we sat and talked,
Like chattering birds in the gathering gloom.

Then we sang a song, as I said before—
A fine old ballad of human love—
A castle that stood on a rocky shore,
A maiden as fair as a milk-white dove:

And a fearless lover who came to woo,
With an eloquent tongue and a soft guitar:
How he vowed to be faithful, fond and true,
And swore by the Fates and the evening star—

Till the strain was over, and all was hushed,
When she raised to my face her full brown eyes!
I fancied then that the rosy cheek flushed,
In my ardent gaze, like the sun-dyed skies.

It was all in vain I essayed to speak
The love that so close with my life was wed;
I felt in my heart that words were weak,
And the stately poise of her regal head

Made me pause ere yet I had quite begun,
Confused, bewildered—I scarce knew why—
As an eagle that flies too near the sun
Is dazzled, and staggers beneath the sky.

As she sat with her wine-red lips apart,
And her white hand idly upon the keys;
I'd have given worlds to have read her heart—
I'd have gone through fire or have stemmed the seas.

She spoke: "You shall be the lover so bold,
And I the lady he came to woo;
This seat I will choose for my castle old—
You must feel the part as the actors do."

Then she shaded with cork my beardless lip,
Which longed to salute her fingers fair;
She tied a sash on her delicate hip,
And placed a diamond pin in her hair."

And looked like a princess of courtly mien,
As I knelt at her feet and touched the chords;
I sang of my heart to my heart's heart queen,
But tremulous oft were the burning words.

So I flung the guitar I held aside,
And poured out my love like golden wine;
Her head drooped down on my breast, to hide
The blush on her cheek, as her hand sought mine.

Thus we sat till the daylight went to rest,
And the evening shadows began to fall,
When a sunbeam broke through the purpling West,
In an amber glory, upon the wall.

JACKY BARBOUR'S STORY.

About ten miles from Edinburgh is a village called Cockenzie, which stands on the southern shore of the Frith of Forth, close to the sea. It is a quaint and primitive place, of indeterminate antiquity, made up of straggling streets, or rather fragments of streets, placed at all angles. Its architecture is rather substantial than picturesque, except on washingdays when set off by their drapery of red, white, and blue.

Some of the cottages are provided with outside stone stairs more or less dilapidated, and others with vaults in the sloping beach. Each interior, however, is densely peopled; for, though the whole village is small, its population consists of nine hundred persons. Most of the men are sailors engaged in the adjacent herring-fisheries. The sanitary schemes of metropolitan legislators have not yet found their way to that quarter; and, as was said by Carlyle of a Welsh village, the ash-pits and rubbish-heaps mostly remove themselves by their own natural chemistry. The people, nevertheless, as becomes those who live close to the sea, are subject to the healthy influences of that great renovator, and are simple, sober, and industrious in their habits, pursuing the even tenor of their way in contentment. Like most fishing populations, they are gregarious in their dispositions, living almost exclusively among themselves, and being closely intertwined by the ties of relationship and similarity of pursuits. Each, it is true, is fully cognizant of his neighbor's affairs; for pedigrees abound, and are liberally quoted, either for honor or for dishonor, when disputes arise. The village is their little world, and its concerns form the staple of their sayings and doings; but, as to the great world outside, they seldom give it a thought. The boys of the place early learn to dive and swim, and take to the water as naturally as ducks. Some of these take advantage of their proximity to the highway of nations, and go out to the great sea in ships, thereby gratifying the yearnings of their nature by visiting foreign countries. They afterwards return wiser and sadder men, to join the gray fathers of the commonwealth, or, as sometimes happens, are never more heard of, and die a lingering and uncertain death in the memories of their families and associates. Occasional incidents like these influence the youth, and give variety to old age, according to the tenor of the adventures narrated; for they are a sympathetic and impulsive people, tinged with that credulity which is born of the wonders of the great deep. When anything remarkable occurs in the fortunes of any member of their community, the topic at once becomes common property. If it is marvellous and interesting, the whole village marvels and is interested. One of these striking events has lately occurred, to convulse the neighborhood, regarding the adventurers or rather vicissitudes of a sailor-boy called Jacky Barbour. The facts are now familiar to the inhabitants as household words; and as they transpired not many months since, and are entirely authentic, they will, no doubt, interest our readers.

It was on a day in last autumn that a stranger was seen approaching the village of Cockenzie; and in that little curious community strangers are scanned very narrowly. He seemed to be about middle-age, and was dressed somewhat in Yankee fashion. His hat was of a French shape, his coat long, his whiskers were shaved away, and his face was bronzed as if with the suns of foreign climes. As he entered the village he looked wonderingly around, scanning each house with an amazed and questioning look. His inquisitive air made an impression even on the clergyman of the village, who turned round for a moment to wonder what errand brought him there. The stranger, after some hesitation and misgiving, entered a shop and asked if a person of the name of Alexander Barbour lived there. The shopkeeper answered in the affirmative, and pointed to the door of a house which was not far off. The stranger, with no small trepidation, and laboring under ill-concealed excitement, then went and tapped at the door. Instead of his mother, whom he had hoped to see there, a woman whom he did not know, and who did not know him, opened the door, and told him in answer to his questions, that it was the house of Alexander Barbour, but that he was not at home, having gone to the herring fishing for a few days. The stranger was at once perplexed, and hesitated what to do or what further to say; but at last, surmising from her appearance who she was, he asked if she was Alexander Barbour's wife. She said "yes," apparently equally confused by the abrupt manner of the inquiry and the appearance of the stranger; and her surprise was further heightened by his half-suppressed ejaculation which followed: "Then, my mother is dead!" At the same time, scarcely conscious what he was doing, he entered the house, and continued visibly affected at the sight of the old place, inasmuch as many things there, which had lingered in his memory half-forgotten, now suddenly restored his recollection. Some natural drops also fell from his eyes: his heart died within him, and, being at a loss for words, he sat down. The woman then, all at once recollecting the story that had often been alluded to in the family, of the long-lost son, who had been given up for dead years before, broke her wondering silence with the question,

"Are you Jacky Barbour?"

"Yes, I am," said the stranger.

This answer was like an electric shock to the stepmother, who in the twinkling of an eye, without a single word more, sprang out of her house to an adjoining cottage, and, in a frenzy of excitement, told his sister that Jacky had come home. The sister, who was married to a sailor, and in whom a lingering thought had survived that Jacky might one day turn up, instantly took in the news without a single doubt or misgiving, and, inoculated with the contagion, ran to her father's house and flung herself into the stranger's arms. So much had the appearance of both changed since their early days, that they could hardly have known each other. If she had any hesitation, she was at once reassured that it could be no other than her brother, by the questions he asked as to the other members of the family. While the brother and sister were thus pouring out their hearts and exchanging the news about the family, the step-mother, who felt as it were one degree removed from the matter, and being loath to embarrass their free conversation, took advantage of the opportunity to sally forth to the neighbors. Nothing exceeds the natural pleasure of communicating exciting news; and accordingly, she lost not a moment in gratifying this instinct.

"What do ye think? Jacky Barbour's come hame!" was the watchword with which she flew from door to door. All the women turned out of their houses, as the wonder grew; and, with babies in their arms, and troops of children of higher degree at their heels, they flocked towards the house of Alexander Barbour, to verify the report. Those who were children in his time had grown into men and women, and a new generation was advancing; but all, nevertheless, considered themselves more or less personally interested, and bound to assist in a public and impromptu demonstration of their satisfaction.

The house of Barbour was besieged, and entered as common property, without question or remonstrance. Some shook him by the hand; others more impulsive, or more nearly related, hung round his neck, each and all asking hurried and discordant questions as to how all of it had happened, and exchanging rapid family narratives, and introducing parties since born to the notice of the guest, as accredited witnesses of the proceedings.

In those primitive places, when any extraordinary event occurs, it is one of the first impulses of the parties interested to inform "the minister," whose sympathies are always at command, and who is at once the referee, guide, friend, and universal spokesman, on family occasions. The clergyman accordingly was at once sent for to share in the tidings, and probably to "say a word," since "Jacky Barbour had come hame." He came at once, and was astounded to behold the sudden paroxysm of excitement, as the crowd made way for him to enter the door, with suppressed murmurs of satisfaction. On entering the house, Jacky Barbour was pointed out to him, in whom he at once recognized the stranger he had seen entering the village some minutes before. Jacky, whose face now shone with excitement, was holding his reception, surrounded with groups of all ages and degrees—the chief inhabitants of the village having by this time converged into a focus; and the enthusiasm and excitement were at tropical heat. Some were sobbing and weeping; discordant voices were ejaculating all kinds of questions at one and the same moment—some alluding to the great news it would be to his honest father, and others interposing observations confirmatory of their own secret foresight and predictions that Jacky was alive, and would some day or other turn up. The clergyman had at first a difficulty in extracting the chief details of the story; but, after seeing and believing that a truly unique event had occurred, he established silence, and all with one accord were hushed when he proposed to offer up a prayer. This he did with genuine pathos, inspired by the singular circumstances; and returned thanks to the Almighty, whose providence had so wonderfully delivered the wanderer, the outcast, and the tempest-tost, and restored him to the friends who had long mourned for him as for one who was lost for ever.

The prayer of the clergyman having fully given voice and expression to the honest emotions of all who were present, the tempest was followed by a lull; and then it was time to think of the absent members of the family who were as yet unacquainted with the news. The father of Jacky Barbour was absent at the herring-fishery off Dunbar, about twenty miles distant, and a brother was also near the same spot. All felt that not a moment should be lost in communicating the tidings to the father; and it was arranged that Jacky and his sister should set off by the next railway train, and communicate their joy. This arrangement was carried out. When the daughter first called her father aside from his mates, and then made the simple announcement that Jacky had come home, the old man was overwhelmed with emotion. He felt stunned and blinded; burst into tears; and, when told that Jacky was in a garden near at hand, he went, speechless with amazement, and then, in Scripture language, fell upon his son's neck and wept, exclaiming that God had been good to him in bringing back his long lost son. What made the interview and its accompanying emotions more interesting was, that the father was one of those who had recently been subject to devout influences, in consequence of a revival movement in the village. The brother was next sent for; and after they had all met, it being then Saturday, the family returned home to enjoy their Sabbath in peace, and in one another's company. During this journey of Jacky to Dunbar, nearly all the absent villagers of Cockenzie had returned, and been made partakers of the glad tidings. The more they talked about the event, and about the details of the wonderful deliverance, their excitement increased; and on the arrival of the father and son it broke forth afresh into a public demonstration. The family were escorted back amid tumultuous murmurs of congratulation, and an eager exchange of questions.

Next day was Sabbath; and a greater congregation than usual attended Divine service to join in public thanksgiving for what had been done. As is the custom on remarkable family occasions, the clergyman, in the prayers of the day, alluded to the engrossing topic, and offered up the thanks of the congregation for the wonders he had done in the great deep, in watching over the life of one of their number then present, and delivering him from the peril of shipwreck, banishment, and imminent death, and finally restoring him to his home and his friends. In the evening the father attended a prayer meeting in which he himself was accustomed to take a part; and on this occasion, at the request of the minister, the father offered up a special prayer. He could not choose but allude to the singular mercy and conspicuous cause for gratitude he had in his own person experienced during the preceding day; and while in simple language he spoke of the long years of sorrow and uncertainty that had passed while he mourned for his lost son, and when thoughts of the boy's mother also intervened, who had never ceased to pine throughout the long years of his absence, the old man's voice faltered, and he wept. The son, who was present, also wept audibly. Then the infection spread from one to another, until all more or less were sobbing; and thus Jacky's return was embalmed in the tears of the entire people.

It was only after exciting scenes like these that there was time to gather the thread of Jacky's adventures since he first left his native village. From his earliest youth he had caught the spirit of adventure, had a desire to see the great world beyond the sea, and became gradually impatient at the confinement of his home. His ambition was to join some ship, and to pursue her fortunes round the world; and he no doubt figured to himself the consequence that would attach to him when he should return from distant shores, rehearse his adventures, and show some of the spoils he should have secured. It was not long before an opportunity offered for gratifying this ambition. A gentleman in the neighborhood, of great nautical taste and spirit, had fitted out a vessel for the Australian trade, and was in want of a few hands such as the village could supply. Jacky put in his claim, and was one of those selected as an apprentice. His joy was complete when this arrangement was concluded, and he embarked in the highest spirits in the new ship. While the novelty of his position lasted, he was well pleased; but gradually a sense of irksomeness grew upon him before the first voyage was terminated. To be summoned aloft in stormy weather, to have hard words and strict discipline, galled his disposition; and, after long nursing in secret his rebellious thoughts, he conceived at last the bold idea of making his escape from the ship. He took into his confidence one of his mates, called Dickson, who partly sympathized with this resolution. Accordingly, one night, while Dickson and he alone kept watch, they espied a barge at no great distance from the Australian shore. Jacky announced his determination then and there to make his escape; and, after charging Dickson to keep his secret, plunged from the vessel's side, and made his way to land. Dickson did not divulge all he knew to the captain about Jacky's proceedings. All that he could be got to say was, that at a particular time he missed Jacky; which was so far true, and there was none able to say more. Dickson died soon after, and the secret perished with him. Meanwhile the news reached Jacky's parents that Jacky was missing; and, though it was necessarily ambiguous, it was received with gloomy forebodings. Year after year passed, and no tidings came of him; and the worst was gradually assumed to be too true. His mother, after many years of hoping against hope, died. His father, after an interval, married a second time; and at the date of Jacky's return, as above described, sixteen years had passed. But to return to Jacky's personal narrative.

When Jacky Barbour dropped from the ship's side in Australian waters, he contrived to reach the shore in safety, and his first thoughts were to make sure that he should not be recaptured. With this view he journeyed in an opposite direction to that where the vessel was about to touch. He kept for some time in concealment, and after a safe interval engaged himself to a ship which traded between Sydney and other parts of Australia. For three years he was occupied in this and similar employment. During that period he had written home three times; but, never receiving any answer, he ceased to write. He next entered into an engagement with a whaling ship, which was bound from Sydney to the Pacific, with twenty-five hands on board. The vessel was staunch and well equipped; but in the course of her voyage, when nearing the equator in the dead of night, in a deep haze, she struck on a rock with such violence that she fell to pieces in a few minutes. Several of the crew were in bed at the time; but in the brief space which intervened between the first shock and the fatal issue, they contrived to escape, some of them half-dressed, and nearly all succeeded in reaching the shore. As day dawned, their first thought was whether any part of the vessel was in sight; but not a vestige was visible. They found that she had struck on a headland, where the tide raged violently, and swept everything before it. This was the more unfortunate, for they had nothing but the clothes upon their back, and even these were scanty in some instances. Having satisfied themselves that nothing could be saved from the wreck, they turned their attention towards the land, and the strange quarters in which they found themselves. After comparing notes together, they concluded that they must have been wrecked on one of the Fiji group of islands. They at once directed their attention towards the state of the island, and the chances they had of supporting life. They reconnoitred the country on all sides, and found that the island was about ten miles in circumference, thickly wooded towards the sea, but more open towards the centre. Towards the west the coast was bold and precipitous, while to the east it sloped gradually. There was abundance of fruit trees wherever they turned. The cocoa and plantain trees were particularly exuberant. Pine-apples also abounded, and under the surface of the ground were found yams, not to mention many trees and fruits which they could not name and identify. In the centre of the island rose a peak or eminence from which smoke issued, and which proved to be a volcano not altogether extinct. In course of time they found no limit to the abundance of fruits. The island was covered with the most refreshing verdure. The temperature was equable and delightful.

It was not long, however, before they discovered that the island was inhabited; and this circumstance, especially at first, gave rise to no small anxiety. A little watching disclosed numerous groups of human beings moving to and fro near the interior, all of whom, from the youngest to the oldest, were entirely naked. It was by degrees computed that the native population could not be less than about six hundred. They were apparently in the lowest state of civilization. They had no canoes—no iron—no weapons—no implements of any kind except a few rude poles of wood—not even the use of fire. They had no villages, but merely places of rendezvous where they congregated. They lay on mattings under the trees, and passed much of their time in indolent repose, under shelter from the rays of the sun. They satisfied their material wants without an effort, and apparently had no motive to impel them to action. The only acts approaching to any semblance of worship consisted in their falling on their faces before the trees, and muttering some language of their own. The only approach to active life, or rather to a pastime, was their practice of spearing fish, which they pursued not unskilfully by means of a rude wooden pole, sharpened at the point and tipped with a piece of harder texture, which they hurled from some projecting rock, and then dived for their prey.

While natural curiosity and self-interest impelled the shipwrecked mariners to watch these proceedings and study the character of the natives, it was so far fortunate that from the first the two parties established amicable relations. They both seemed to have a proper respect or fear for each other. On the one side it was the fear of numbers, and the consciousness of having no weapons of offence or defence in the event of hostilities. On the other side it was probably the instinctive fear of a different race of beings whose powers were unknown, whose skins were white, and whose tattered garments, though sufficiently despicable in Europe, may have suggested unknown meanings and inspired profound respect in Fiji. Hence both parties acted on the implied understanding that if they did not molest they would not be molested; and so the *entente cordiale* was kept up without a single misunderstanding, and neither party intruded on the territory of the other.

So far, therefore, as these foreign relations were concerned, the case of the mariners was tolerably fortunate; but, as regarded their home affairs, and their interior economy, a very different picture presented itself. First and foremost, they were to a certain extent imprisoned, for no land was in sight. They did not know exactly where they were. They could get no information from the natives, and they sought none. They had fruits in abundance, but nothing else to live upon. There were no four-footed animals in the island—at least they saw none. Not even birds were visible, except now and then a sea-gull, which screamed overhead, and departed quickly, leaving the solitude more solitary still. Insect life alone abounded. To subsist on raw fruits only was found to be unwholesome, and some of the sailors soon became sick and wan. They craved for food which they could not obtain. The only change in the monotony of the diet was the occasional burying of a yam for a few hours in the hot scoria of the volcano, with a view to cook it; and sometimes, but rarely, they obtained a present of a fish from the natives, which they dressed in the same imperfect manner. From the first their main reliance was on seeing some vessel come in sight to deliver them; but days, months, and years passed by, and not a sail speckled the horizon. They would fain have left the island if they could have found the means; but they had no canoe, nor the hope of making one. They had no instrument, no saw, no knife, no hatchet; and even if they had had these, they would have been afraid to cut down the trees, seeing that the natives might resent this as desecration. Even if they had had a raft, they knew not in what direction to steer. Every chance of departure was thus cut off, and the elements of civilization taken out of their hands. To add to their isolation, they had not a book, not a Bible to cheer them. It was even a misfortune that they had not to toil for their daily food; for in that healthful exercise their minds would, for a certain time at least, have been diverted from inly gnawing cares. The earth spontaneously yielded fruits, and thus took away the motive of bodily exertion. They at first endeavored to beguile the long hours with narrating to each other all the circumstances of their previous life, the adventures they had experienced, and the people they had met; but even this pastime grew stale, as the incidents became familiar by repetition. To complete their misfortunes, they had at an early stage lost all reckoning of time; the days of the week, the month and year were forgotten, or if they had once painfully calculated it, they soon lost their reckoning; and, once loosing it, they were too pre-occupied with other cares, or too apathetic to continue it. The only occupation they had, and in which they zealously engaged, was scanning the horizon in search of a sail; but as months and years passed without a gleam of success, even that occupation became monotonous and irksome. To crown their misery, they were themselves only imperfectly educated. Their minds having never been much cultivated, the man had no mental resources to fall back upon. Without any material help, their intellects became sensibly enfeebled, and their condition more and more wretched every day.

All these circumstances soon began to tell upon the physical constitution of the mariners. They became moody, listless, apathetic; then insatiable longings for home, and for the enjoyments, simple though they might be, of their earlier days, grew insupportable. They pined and fretted with unutterable yearnings; they felt a hidden want not to be repressed, and which their condition gave no hopes of relieving.—Though at first their number was twenty-five, yet, after the lapse of a few years, under the enervating life of disappointment and *ennui*, the physical constitution of some of the men gave way; and one by one they succumbed, till only thirteen remained. A poor fellow, wan and emaciated, would lie down and refuse to be comforted. His companions, only a little less dejected than himself, would surround him with cheering words, and suggesting that hope which comes to all men, but which was so long in coming to them. They would bring him the choicest fruits they could select, and perform little offices of tenderness; but nothing could rally the sufferer from the fell disease of a broken heart. At length death approached, and with his last words the dying man strictly charged the survivors (and while doing this the only lingering gleam of vigor returned to his frame,) that, if ever they should be spared to return home, they would seek out his relatives, and tell them of his last sad fate. The survivors would then close his eyes in peace, each inwardly forescing that his own days were numbered, and must soon end in the same desolate condition, and half envious of the lot of the dead.

One circumstance, and which reflects no small honor on human nature, deserves to be recorded; and that was, that however much they quarrelled and exchanged hard words while they were afloat, from the moment they were wrecked their harmony was never interrupted. Neither cursing nor swearing was heard among them. Some of them were known to be regular in their devotions. A common sense of their misfortune and mutual dependence, and the presence of imminent danger, no doubt subdued their evil passions, solemnized their minds, and made them bear with each other's infirmities, and knit them together in the bond of brotherhood. How far memory served to recall any religious teaching or impression of early years does not appear; but Jacky said that some of them spoke as if the solemn truths of religion were present to their minds.

After many years of intolerable anxiety and watching (they then knew not how many, for they had lost all reckoning of time), the happy day at length arrived to those of them who survived. Jacky Barbour was then beginning to feel his constitution sensibly impaired, and had concluded he must be at least fifty years of age, when a sail one morning hove in sight, and drove the company delirious. The strange ship was even near at hand when first discovered. The hearts of the men beat quickly, and a few of them swooned under the sudden excitement. Jacky Barbour, when first informed of it, became dizzy and blind, and remembered nothing more till he found himself a day or two afterwards in reality on deck and at sea. He was then informed that one of his comrades had hoisted a piece of matting on a cocoanut tree, which the ship descried, and sent a boat ashore which took in the weary and heartbroken crew, who were rather the ghosts of men than real flesh and blood. Yet, by judicious management their health soon recovered under the inspiriting circumstances of their release. The men, on reviving, were then told that they were right in their surmise, that they had been on Cocoa-nut Island, one of the Fiji group, and that they had been there only nine years—a shortness of time which not a little surprised them all. Jacky Barbour, who had felt at least fifty, was thereupon relieved from an intolerable anxiety, as if he had obtained a clear gift of twenty years of life. It deserves also to be recorded that the day of deliverance, which was so happy a day for the desolate guests of Cocoa-nut Island, was equally welcomed by their hosts, the Fijians; who, the moment they witnessed the departure of the ship carrying their late neighbors away, gave expression to the most frantic demonstrations of joy, dancing and shouting as if they had conquered their most powerful enemy—a demonstration which they kept up till the vessel was out of sight.

The rest of the story is soon told. The vessel that relieved the imprisoned castaways was the "Irish Girl," a schooner bound for California. Jacky Barbour and his comrades were clothed by the munificence of the crew, and he worked for a year and a half at the diggings in California, till he made sufficient money to pay his passage home, when, being seized with a strong desire to see his native village and the friends he had there, he carried out his purpose with the result and in the circumstances already described.

THE SOLDIER'S REQUIEM.

South winds blow soft where the soldier is lying,
Tread with your lightest step, whisper more low—
Oh, waft to its home this spirit undying—
Never a mission more pure shall ye know!

Ever let roses, their fragrance distilling,
Weep o'er the mound of the hallowed dead;
And while their cups with dew-tears are filling,
Let the daisies and blue-bells wave over his head.

Long be his name, his fame, and his glory
Joined in our hearts with the land of his birth—
And let his deeds live brightest in story,
Chanted and sung by the fairest of earth.

Keep bright the stars he left to your keeping,
Soil not the Banner—for aye let it wave
Over the land where the hero is sleeping—
Never should land be so proud of a grave!

HISTORY OF NEWSTEAD ABBEY.

[See Engraving on First Page.]

Who has not heard of Newstead Abbey, the ancestral seat of the celebrated author of "Childe Harold?"

The weather-beaten walls, and the dusty family records of Newstead Abbey, furnish matter which the wand of fancy can easily transform into vivid and speaking realities. The different parts of the abbey recall and illustrate the varying phases of the life of the Byrons. Its embattled towers tell of those ruder times when, as feudal chieftains, they summoned around them their armed retainers and tenants to prepare against the attack of some hostile band. Its huge halls speak of ancient state; its capacious kitchens of liberal hospitality; its graceful bay-windows of the growth of elegance and security, refinement and taste.

If thus in its structure we read the changes of public and domestic life, in its apartments and their garniture we are as distinctly instructed in the shifting habits of social life—those habits which changed so slowly and almost so imperceptibly from year to year, and now show so vast a difference between the present time and that when the foundations of the house were laid as a priory for Black Canons seven hundred years ago.

And then in the fortunes of its noble owners—often the mighty, the famous, the unhappy—how impressive a story might be read!

Those who would visit Newstead Abbey must travel northward from the lace-manufacturing town of Nottingham some dozen miles. So pleasantly traversing a picturesque country, part of it the storied region of Sherwood Forest, the visitor passes through a gate into a park which, though once grand with tall ancestral trees and shady glens, that spoke of a noble mansion embosomed within, is now of no imposing aspect, the fine old trees which once adorned it having been laid low by the wayward predecessor of the poet.

Going along a sandy road, between naked declivities, the visitor gradually descends into one of those gentle and sheltered valleys where the sleek monks of old loved to nestle. Here a sweep of the road round an angle of a garden-wall brings the visitor full in front of the venerable edifice, a beautiful sheet of water spreading out before it, an irregular gray pile of motley architecture answering to the description given of it in "Don Juan—"

> "An old, old monastery once, and now
> Still older mansion, of a rich and rare
> Mixed Gothic."

Yes, Newstead Abbey is one of the finest specimens in existence of those quaint romantic piles, half castle, half convent, which remain as monuments of the olden time of England.

How the mind muses, pleasantly indulging in poetical reveries, and spinning cobweb fancies without interruption, as the eye wanders over the old-time place, the home of sanctity, of chivalry, of poetry; standing, too, in the midst of a legendary neighborhood, in the heart of Sherwood Forest, surrounded by the haunts of Robin Hood and his band of outlaws, famous in ancient ballad and nursery tale.

True, the forest scarcely exists but in name. The tract over which once extended its solitude and shades being now an open and smiling region, cultivated with parks and farms, and enlivened with villages.

We have said that Newstead Abbey was once a priory. Henry II. founded it in the latter part of the twelfth century, to expiate the murder of Thomas à Becket.

Newstead Abbey, then, once exerted monastic sway over the surrounding wooded region, controlling the consciences of rude foresters.

At that time it presented the appearance of a cathedral, with rich carvings and pinnacles, surrounded by cloisters, having an extensive crypt, and provided with a spacious singing room for the practice of the choristers.

But the time came, in the reign of Henry VIII., for the dissolution of the monasteries, when that monarch gave the convent of the Black Canons in Nottinghamshire to his lieutenant of Sherwood Forest, Sir John Byron, who figures in some of the ghost stories of the abbey as "Sir John Byron, the Little, with the Great Beard."

Sir John's descendants became ennobled and enriched; and for generations a long line of titled owners, knowing how to value such a possession, kept up Newstead Abbey in magnificent splendor.

But Time brings changes even as it works wonders; by its omnipotent hand the great are shorn of their glory. This change for the worse in the fortunes of the Byron family occurred towards the close of the last century, when the abbey came into the possession of the poet's grand-uncle. He was known among the gossips as "the wicked Lord Byron;" and some of the deeds of this noted character are fully worth telling. In 1765, while he was on a visit to London, he met, at the Star and Garter Tavern, in Pall Mall, the proprietor of Annesley Hall, Mr. Chaworth, who was related to him, and whose property adjoined his. A quarrel having ensued between them, they fought on the spot, in single combat, by the dim light of a candle, when Lord Byron killed his kinsman, neighbor, and friend in such a manner that the coroner's jury returned a verdict of "wilful murder." Lord Byron was thereupon sent to the Tower and subsequently stood his trial in the House of Peers, where a verdict was given of "manslaughter."

After this he shut himself up in Newstead Abbey, when he grew gloomy and morose: his singularities were elevated into matters of wonder and record; the country people told of him the most fantastical, wild, and monstrous stories; in short, his fierce and solitary habits procured for him a fearful renown. Among the stories told of him were the following: That he always went armed, as if to commit murder on the slightest provocation; that on one occasion, when he had a gentleman, Admiral Sir John Warren, to dine alone with him, he laid a brace of pistols on the table, as a part of the regular table furniture, and implements that might be needed in the course of the repast; that, on another occasion, exasperated at his coachman for disobedience of his orders, he shot him through the head, threw his body into the coach where Lady Byron was seated, and, mounting the box, officiated in his stead; and that he once threw her ladyship into the lake in front of the abbey, when she would have been drowned but for the timely aid of the gardener.

Certain it is that, whether these anecdotes were exaggerations of his peculiarities or not, he drove from him, by his wayward humors, all his friends, and sometimes he was almost without domestics. Accordingly he took to rearing and feeding crickets, so that, in process of time, Newstead Abbey was overrun with them, and the lonely halls were made more lonely at night by their monotonous music. This colony of crickets seemed to be aware, at his death, that they had lost a patron and protector, for they all trooped away from the abbey at once, and in such numbers that the old servants of the family said it was impossible to cross the courts and corridors without treading on them.

This eccentric peer cared but little about the fate of his descendants, and still less about his young heir in Scotland—"the little boy who lives at Aberdeen," as he designated George Gordon Noel Byron, the future lord and great poet; and he not only illegally sold the family estate of Rochdale in Lancashire, but suffered Newstead Abbey to fall out of repair and everything to go to waste about it, cut down all the timber, and laid low many a tract of Sherwood Forest, so that the abbey lands lay stript and bare of all their ancient honors.

His successor, the poet, was, at the time he came to the title and estates, but eleven years of age, and living in humble style with his mother in Scotland.

During his minority, his guardian, the Earl of Carlisle, let Newstead Abbey to Lord Grey de Ruthven, who treated it little better than the old lord who had preceded him, so that when, in the autumn of 1808, Lord Byron took up his abode there, it was in a ruinous state. Byron had not sufficient fortune to put the pile in extensive repair, or maintain anything like the state of his ancestors. He restored some of the apartments, so as to furnish for his mother a comfortable habitation, and he fitted up a quaint study for himself, in which, among books and busts, and other library furniture, were two skulls of the friars grinning on each side of an antique cross.

His residence at the abbey was fitful and uncertain. He passed an occasional portion of his time there, sometimes studiously, sometimes idly, oftener idly and recklessly, and occasionally with young and gay companions in riot and revelry, and indulgence of all kinds of mad caprice.

Newstead Abbey was by no means benefited by these roystering inmates, who sometimes played off monkish mummeries about the cloisters; at other times turned the state chambers into schools for boxing and single-stick, and shot pistols in the great hall. The country people of the neighborhood were as much puzzled by these madcap vagaries of the new occupant as by the gloomier habits of the "old lord," and began to think that madness was inherent in the Byron race, or that some wayward star ruled over Newstead Abbey.

Circumstances led Byron to sell the estate, when fortunately it fell into the hands of Colonel (then major) Wildman, who had been at school with the poet, and had sat on the same form with him at Harrow. Colonel Wildman had distinguished himself in the Peninsular war and at the battle of Waterloo; was a man of a poetical temperament, who cherished an enthusiastic admiration for the genius of his old schoolfellow; and it was a great consolation to Byron to know that, in parting with his family estate, it would be held by one capable, from his fortune, of restoring its faded glories, and who would respect and preserve all the monuments and memorials of his life.

Any one who will cast his eye over the engraving that accompanies this article, and will refer to any illustrated edition of Byron's works that has a view of Newstead Abbey in the time of the poet, will see what a change, under the judicious eye and the munificent hand, influenced by the good taste and good feeling of Colonel Wildman, has come over the venerable and romantic pile—how it has arisen from its ruins into its old combined baronial and monastic splendor, and additions made to it in perfect uniformity of style.

Colonel Wildman had the groves and forests replanted, the lakes and fish-ponds cleared out, the garden rescued from the "hemlock and thistle;" in short, everything restored to its pristine dignified condition.

Giving happy indications of a liberal and beneficent landlord, Colonel Wildman had the farms on the estate put in complete order, new farm-houses built of stone in the picturesque and comfortable style of old English granges, and the hereditary tenants secured in their paternal homes, and treated with the most considerate indulgence.

Very nearly a hundred thousand pounds were thus expended in restoring the venerable pile, and beautifying the estate; and Newstead realized the hope that was faintly expressed by the poet, in bidding it a sorrowful farewell, "that it would be irradiated by the meridian rays of an emerging sun, and be blessed in the future by the splendor of the past."

Colonel Wildman has since sold the estate, which is now in the possession of a gentleman named Webb; and Newstead Abbey seems to have forever effectually passed away from the Byron family.

At the time we are writing, the last act connected with a name ever allied to Newstead Abbey, even as it is to sorrow and to genius—the last of the greatest of descriptive poets—is the raising of a fine monument to the late Ada Countess of Lovelace, a name consecrated to all time by the address of her father, commencing—

"Ada! sole daughter of my house and heart."

In the same vault, too, is placed her son, Viscount Oakham and Baron Wentworth, whose eccentricity and madness took a grovelling turn, and not the divine fury of his grandfather.

THE BROTHERS.

A Legend of Old Antrim Castle.

I.

Antrim Castle, as it stood at the close of the last century, presented nothing to attract the notice of the architect or the antiquary. It was a plain substantial building, with one of its wings extending to and embracing a half ruinous square tower, the sole remaining portion of the more ancient castle which was long since in ruins. This wing was allotted to the servants; here also were the stables and coach-house, and the stores for agricultural implements and produce. The other—the wing to the left of the building—contained the nursery, children's dormitories, and school-room, and apartments for the governess and children's maid. In front of the building was an extensive lawn, with a broad circular carriage-way, at the upper end of which were the stone steps leading to the principal entrance of the building.

When the old Marquis of Antrim died he left no male issue, so his newly-acquired title died with him. But some time before his death he had obtained the king's permission to bequeath his ancient titles, honors, and estates to his daughters, the eldest of whom now succeeded as Countess of Antrim. She had the absolute disposal of a great deal of the property, and as she had as yet evinced no intention of marrying, and had become estranged from her sister, she invited for company-sake to the castle two youths of the ancient family of the Macartneys. They were closely allied to the Antrim family by marriage, therefore it was not unreasonably supposed that, if the boys succeeded in pleasing her, they would become her heirs.

Between the ages of the brothers there was a difference of two years. George, the elder brother, was, at this period, fourteen years old. Eugene at once became the favorite of the countess. She liked his appearance, she liked his cheerful, happy disposition. His joyous laugh dispelled the gloom of the lonely mansion. Unless when engaged in his studies, he was to be met roaming sportively about the building or the pleasure-grounds. The exuberance of his spirits prompted him to play many pranks. Sometimes when walking with the countess he would steal away from her side, and, whilst she would be wondering what had become of him, and had walked some distance from where he had disappeared, he would rush from a hiding-place out across her path, and startle her by the suddenness of his reappearance. Sometimes when observing her in the portrait and curiosity-room, he would enter stealthily and conceal himself behind a suit of armor, and, after a little time, dart suddenly out, and frighten the countess. His archness, his ingenuousness, his playful tricks, endeared him to her, and every moment he could spare from his studies was spent in her company. She made no secret of her intentions with respect to him. He was to be her heir; and she lavished all her fondness on him, to the exclusion of his brother. On the disposition of the latter the effects of this marked preference for Eugene, which the countess took no pains to conceal, was painfully apparent. George was naturally reserved and sullen, averse to join in the plays and pastimes of his brother and other boys; he now became moody in the extreme, and his fitful temper caused him to be sometimes shunned by his brother, and hated by the countess and the domestics. It was not merely the good fortune of Eugene which had so affected him, but he hated the latter because he was the idol of that little circle. The sentiments thus engendered were fostered and developed by subsequent events. The growth of a passion, the development of an idea, are not, like Jonah's gourd, the product of a night. It is by imperceptible degrees that passion especially acquires its supreme sway over the mind. By long brooding over a fancied slight we come to consider it an unpardonable injury which we desire to revenge. The few years passed by the young Macartneys in Antrim Castle, away from the watchful supervision of father or mother, and the favor lavished on Eugene, were destined to be fatal in their effects.

Whatever latent good was in George's nature was here utterly extinguished.

Moody, wayward, and self-willed, he was at last pronounced incorrigible, and left to follow the bent of his inclination. He rarely strayed beyond the wing of the building in which he slept and studied. Just outside his room window was a tall elm tree, which grew close to the house, and overshadowed it. It was his delight to jump from the window on its branches and remain there some time, and then jump back to the window-sill, and so return to his apartment. This was his favorite mode of egress and ingress. When at the back of the house he would rarely think of entering by the door and ascending to his room by the stairs, but would climb the elm tree, and jump over to his room window, in spite of the remonstrances and warnings of the servants. Indeed, the more terror this practice of his caused the inmates of the castle, the more he indulged in it. Two years thus passed away, and the brothers not appearing to make any marked proficiency in their studies under the care of tutors, the countess resolved to send them to a university. An influential connexion of her family, Lord M., had suggested this step; he also recommended her to send them to a college in Paris, with the principal of which college he had had some intimacy. At first she thought to retain Eugene near her, he was so companionable, and the place would be so dull without him. But George positively declined to go unless he were accompanied by his brother. He was, of course, moved to this resolution more by jealousy than affection. The countess consented with reluctance to the departure of Eugene; but, though he was her chief solace, she remembered that no selfish considerations should be allowed to interfere with her duty to her proteges. They were, accordingly, sent to Paris.

II.

After an interval of four years, we are again introduced to the Macartneys. They had now grown to manhood, and completed their education. They were still residents of the gay and fascinating French capital. Paris had extraordinary attractions for young men in the position of the Macartneys. They were furnished with the enchanter's wand (letters of introduction), by which they obtained admission within the charmed circles in which the nobility of the ancien regime lived, moved, and had their being. The seductions of the French capital were at this period irresistible. It was the reign of pleasure, for it was the reign of Madame du Barri.

In the varied phases of Parisian life the Macartneys found ample opportunity to gratify their opposite tastes. And never, perhaps, were two brothers more dissimilar. Their appearance, their habits, and their dispositions, were unlike. George was tall, deep-chested, with dark complexion and dark hair. But already was the manly beauty of his face disfigured by premature indulgence. It was neither repulsive nor attractive. It was, as it were, a page in an abstruse book, at which you gazed inquisitively, and tried to decipher its characters and guess their meaning. He was averse to society, but in his blaze moments he sought that of roues, and not unfrequently the excitement of the gaming-table.

Eugene was not so tall, his complexion was fair, and his handsome face was set off with a profusion of curly chestnut hair. His disposition was still as lively as when it illumined the dull castle of Antrim, cheered the seclusion of the countess, and provoked the mirth of the domestics. He was made for society, and could not live out of it; but he delighted most in the company of ladies, by whom he was courted and petted.

About this time the brothers became attached to the family of Comte A. Monsieur le Comte was the sole surviving descendant of an ancient race that was noble in the time of Pepin. Madame la Comtesse, as femme, could boast of a lineage as ancient and noble. They had an only child, a daughter, as beautiful, as piquante, and as fascinating as a French girl could be. Like many others of the haute noblesse of the period, there was more pride than money in the family. They moved, of course, in the charmed circle of which the Macartneys had the entree. The brothers soon became constant visitors at the comte's mansion. They were always received with their host's kindly "Vous etes le bien venu, Monsieur Macartney; et vous aussi, Monsieur Eugene." They were even more affectionately greeted by the countess and her pretty daughter. The attention of the latter seemed equally divided between the brothers. With the elder she was grave and reserved, while her eyes spoke the warmth of an affectionate and loving heart. In his absence, in Eugene's company, she, however, compensated herself for the restraint which she had put on in his presence, and gave free play to her vivacious disposition. With the sagacity of her sex she soon perceived that both brothers were epris with her, before they themselves were conscious of it. They, however, became shy, and eventually jealous of each other. Each believed himself the one favored by the young beauty. Each had had reason to hope that his love was reciprocated. But the young syren was as yet only displaying her charms for her own amusement. She had not felt any marked preference for either of the brothers. Playing with fire is, however, a dangerous pastime. The female heart could not long remain in this state of indecision. The embers of love unconsciously smouldered there, and were fanned into a flame by the gay and loving Eugene. This youth proved a more dangerous rival than his brother had apprehended; but at eighteen years of age we are capable of great achievements in the field of love. Eugene urged his suit with the impetuousness of youth. He had already the prestige of the wealth he was to inherit, and he failed not to profit by every advantage.

George was twenty-one, and had just succeeded to the family property. The Macartneys, being a branch of the Macarthys of the south of Ireland, had this advantage over any of the French nobility, that, while the latter were proud to date their elevation from the time of Pepin, the Macarthys were a royal race when the ancestors of that king lived in obscurity, and obtained a precarious existence by feeding on pippins. "The boast of heraldry" was also on the side of Eugene: but had it not been there, the choice of the lady would have been equally decisive. Unfortunately for herself, and unfortunately for the brothers, she was a coquette by nature. At the moment when her heart was Eugene's, she continued to give hope to George. The brothers now became totally estranged. George, considering his suit as accepted, proposed formally to the count. The usual settlements and preparations were being made, when the feelings of the elite of Parisian society were shocked by a most irregular proceeding: le jeune Irlandois had eloped with the charming daughter of Mons. le Comte A. There was, consequently, great excitement in French society. Anything so unusual as this had not been heard of in the matrimonial world within the memory of the most ancient member of the ancien regime. Les Irlandois were evidently more excitable, more impressionable and impassioned, than les Francais.

It was discovered that the runaways were provided with passports, and were travelling post, under fictitous names, to Boulogne, doubtless with the intention of reaching England. They had had a good start, so that pursuit would be fruitless. George Macartney was the only one who felt deeply injured by the elopement. An alliance with him was evidently repugnant to the lady. Yet she had given him reason to hope, and had bound his heart to her own by the tendrils of affection. She had now violently snapped those bonds asunder, and flung away the heart which she had moulded to her fancy, as the potter moulds clay for his pottery. Trifled with, jilted, George felt his love suddenly changed into inexting uishable hatred. He made some hasty arrangements with respect to his property, and disappeared.

III.

Antrim Castle could not boast of many external architectural embellishments. It was, as we have already described, a plain, substantial building. A low wall, now needing repair in some places, separated the grounds from the road which led to Larne. But the grounds were thickly wooded, and in the autumn, if the castle was approached by this road, the view to an artist's eye was really beautiful. The time should be sunset, when at the close of September the castle shone before you as if it were of white marble, and the foliage of the trees had that russet, autumnal tint which, when illumined by the slanting rays of the setting sun, makes one color blind to the hues of surrounding objects. Along the road the fallen, withered leaves lay crispy under the wayfarer's feet, unless when they were blown into little eddies by the evening breeze.

Just four years after the elopement had happened, a solitary wayfarer was walking along the road from Larne, and appeared to be particularly struck with the castle and pleasure-grounds. Yet it was not the beauties of the place in which he was interested, for his gaze was principally fixed on the places where the wall was ruinous. If you looked well at this stranger, you would see something suspicious in his face, in his general appearance, and in his mode of progression. He examined everything with a scrutinizing gaze. By the arrangement of his dress he seemed totally regardless of the impression he made on the spectator, and every now and then he stopped and looked scowlingly over the grounds, through the bright russet-tinted foliage of the trees, and on, as it were, into the windows of the castle. His pace was irregular; sometimes he walked hurriedly along, and then, relapsing into his thoughtful mood, he would walk slowly onwards, gazing on the castle and the grounds, and scrutinizing the wall and the partially dried-up ditch. Having reached the turn where the road branched on the one hand to the castle, and on the other to the town, our pedestrian proceeded to the latter place. It was getting dark now, but still he walked on with the confidence of a man who knew his way. He made no inquiries of the few persons who from time to time passed him, and who paid him no marked attention, as they considered him a casual visitor to the castle. On arriving at the town, he selected an hotel which had the Antrim Arms emblazoned over its door. Its chief attraction for the stranger was its absence of all bustle. It was the most unfrequented hotel in the town, and a traveller was but in little danger of being molested by the inquisitiveness of guests or waiters. The former seldom came, and the latter were not kept.

The stranger required private accommodation. The landlady waited on him, and, being a fair specimen of her class, she entertained him with the gossip of the neighborhood, while she scrutinized his dress and general appearance. There was nothing very pleasing in his face: it was stern and forbidding. His age might be thirty, or more or less; you could not say with any degree of certainty. His long dark moustache, and his semi-military cap, of which he did not divest himself in the presence of the landlady, his general deportment, all betokened him to be of the military profession. His arriving on foot, and without luggage, might have caused her some uneasiness as to the traveller's ability to pay his reckoning, if he had not produced a well-filled purse, and anticipated any demands that might be made on him, by paying liberally such expenses as he might incur during a two days' sojourn at the hotel.

This conduct put the landlady in the best of spirits, and she discoursed with volability about many things, and especially about the folk at the castle. "It was a very romantic story she had to tell him about the Macartneys, and no doubt his honor, who was a stranger in those parts, would like to hear it. The castle was now in the possession of a Mr. Eugene Macartney, a connexion and the heir of the Countess of Antrim, who made over the property to him, and went, herself, four years ago, to live in another mansion which was situated in a gayer neighborhood, when Mr. Eugene brought home his pretty French wife; and though four years were now passed, their honeymoon was not yet over, so fond were they of each other; that he had an elder brother, George, a very bad dispositioned boy, who was supposed so be so envious of his younger brother's happiness and good fortune, that he could not bear to return to this country, and had not been heard of since, and, indeed, he was so much disliked in the neighborhood that no one regretted his absence."

This part of her story she qualified by saying such was the gossip of the neighborhood with respect to Mr. George. She did not, herself, recollect him, having only come to that part of the country since the boys had been sent to France.

During the recital of this story the stranger remained silent. He seemed absorbed in one engrossing thought. His features were inflexibly the same expression: his brows closely knit, and a sardonic smile playing round his mouth. He requested to be left alone. Such was the account the landlady afterwards gave.

Left to himself, the stranger eat heartily of the viands placed before him, and drank freely of the wine. Whatever act he was meditating, his inflexibility of purpose was not affected by what he had heard, or by the wine he was drinking.

From time to time his measured military step was heard pacing the chamber. Subsequently, between nine and ten o'clock, he was observed to quit the hotel, as it were for a stroll in the town. After walking a short distance he turned up a sort of street, which brought him again on the road which led to the castle. The night was dark, but he knew the way perfectly well. There was a slight frost in the air, the atmosphere was beautifully clear, and the stars twinkled brilliantly. He walked on to the front of the castle, and observed the apartments that were lighted, and the closed gates, at which he neither rang nor knocked. As he was gazing on the building before him, he heard

the noise of the undoing of bolts, and retiring behind some trees where he was screened from observation, he waited until the gate should be opened and closed again. The lodge-keeper was letting out one of the men-servants, who said he was going to spend the night with some friends in the town, and that the master and mistress were alone in the drawing-room playing chess.

The stranger waited till the gate was closed, and the man was some distance on his way to the town; then he came out of the clump of trees, and walked rapidly towards the road to Larne. His keen scrutiny of the state of the wall and of the ditch, in the early part of the evening, had not been without an object. He crossed the ditch easily, and the facility with which he crossed the wall proved him to be a practised gymnast. Just as he was preparing to drop to the other side, he raised his eyes, and a shower of beautiful stars fell from the heavens. But though his eyes saw this phenomenon, it failed to excite emotions either of pity or admiration. His dark spirit would not be checked or warned by a sight that might well have suggested to his busy imagination the fall of Lucifer and his angels. Safely inside the wall, he directed his steps towards the left wing of the building. It was here, it will be remembered, the young Macartneys lodged before they left for France.

He passed the intervening space unnoticed and unmolested. Even his conscience did not interpose to check him; though every step he took, every tree and shrub he passed, might have revived many past associations of a more innocent period in his life. He arrived at the left wing, and having satisfied himself that he was still unobserved, and that there were no lights burning in this part of the building, he approached the elm-tree that leaned towards the upper windows, ascended it, and swung across to the casement of the window, which he opened, and entered the house. Had there been any one to observe his features at this time, the look of that face would have shocked them. Its malignant expression was indescribable. The mingled sentiments of envy, jealousy, and hatred, were intensified. It seemed rather the face of a demon than that of a man.

The landlady of the Antrim Arms was waiting up for her guest. When eleven o'clock struck she began to think it was time for him to return. She shut up her house, and retired to a cozy little parlor, where she would wait for him till twelve o'clock. After that hour he might take his chance of getting in, she would wait up no longer for him. The room was very cozy, and she was very tired, so when twelve o'clock struck, the landlady was practising a very unfeminine accomplishment—she was actually snoring. One o'clock struck, and her slumbers were now broken by an unusual bustle in the street. It must be a fire somewhere—was her own house safe? Such were the thoughts that occurred to her as she rose hurriedly from her chair, went to a front window, opened it, and having satisfied herself that the Antrim Arms was safe from the perils of fire, she looked up and down for the cause of the great commotion which she now saw and heard. The alarm-bell of the castle had been ringing for some time. Men on horses and men on foot were hurrying in all directions. A party of yeomanry had gone up to the castle, a party of soldiers was following them; cries of horror and execration against the perpetrators of some atrocious act were resounding in all directions. As she still looked out of the window she saw a crowd pass, and in the midst she perceived some soldiers who were bringing a prisoner to gaol. Our landlady was very much perplexed to know the meaning of all that she saw. But a friend of hers passed at that moment, and gave her the information she required. He told her that Mr. and Mrs. Macartney were murdered that night, and that a magistrate and a party of military had taken possession of the castle, with the view, if possible, of discovering some traces of the murderer. One of the domestics, the man she had seen in custody, had been arrested on suspicion.

The bustle had now subsided, and the landlady having satisfied herself that the Antrim Arms was not in danger, and ascertained the cause of the alarming commotion which had so rudely broken her slumbers, she drew in her head, bolted and barred her house for the night, and retired to bed. The clock now pointed to two, and her guest was not returned. She naturally felt alarmed for his safety, and inwardly prayed that he might come to no harm on this dreadful night.

The next morning, at an early hour, the good people of Antrim were up, and inquiring into the particulars of the murder. A crime of great magnitude had been committed, who was the criminal? What motive had impelled him to commit the diabolical deed? As yet there was not a scintilla of reliable evidence by which either of these questions could even be partially solved. But the authorities proceeded to hold an official inquiry at the castle. The building was inspected, and the domestics underwent a rigorous examination. Patrols of military and yeomanry scoured the neighboring country, arresting suspicious persons, and collecting such information as might lead to the discovery and detection of the criminal. As yet, the servant-man was the only person in custody against whom there was a shadow of evidence. He was the last person in the room on the night the unhappy couple were murdered. He left the castle between nine and ten o'clock, having told the other domestics that they were not to appear in the drawing-room until rung for, as Mr. and Mrs. Macartney did not wish to be interrupted in the game of chess they were playing.

The following particulars were elicited at the official inquiry: The body of Mr. Macartney was lying, face downwards, on the middle of the floor; there was a poniard thrust in the heart. Mrs. Macartney had fallen down in a kneeling posture near the fireplace; her face and expanded arms were resting on a couch, which had probably been her seat when the murderer entered. She had received two stabs in the region of the heart. The carpet and the couch were clotted with blood. There had evidently been no struggle. No cries had been heard. The furniture had not been displaced or upset: only a small chess-table lay overturned near the fireplace, with the chessmen scattered about here and there on the carpet, and in the little pools of blood which had dripped from the couch. In both cases death must have been instantaneous.

The position of the bodies, the state of the apartment, and the impunity with which the murders had been committed, suggest the following solution of the mystery: Mr. Macartney approached the person he saw entering the room. Was the prisoner known or unknown to him, and supposed to have come with friendly or hostile intentions? But there had been no noise made, no cries uttered, no alarm given, which surely would have been the case if the latter supposition were correct. Supposing the visitor to be an utter stranger, entering the apartment unexpected and unannounced, his intrusion would have been immediately resented, while Mrs. Macartney would have promptly given the alarm. But this was not done, therefore the visitor was known. His abrupt entrance must have disconcerted as well as displeased Mrs. Macartney, and she doubtless rose and averted her face with the intention of quitting the apartment without giving any mark of recognition to the unwelcome visitor. Hence her husband's assassination was unseen by her, and hence her own was effected before she was conscious of any danger, or had time to give an alarm. The maid, on examination, stated that she had remained below stairs expecting every moment to be rung for to attend in the drawing-room. At last, when eleven o'clock struck, she, knowing that her lady customarily retired before that hour, went up stairs, bustled about the corridor, and coughed and hemmed to attract attention, and failing in this, she descended to the servants' apartment, where she remained till twelve o'clock. She was afraid to interrupt her master and mistress, as John, the servant-man, had told her they were playing chess. However, when twelve o'clock struck, she went up again, and coughed and hemmed as before, but seeing the lights still burning, which a peep through the keyhole enabled her to do, she retired. At half-past twelve she again ascended, this time with the intention of entering the drawing-room, as the stillness began to alarm her. She entered the apartment, and, on witnessing the horrifying sight, rushed out screaming for help, and fainted from exhaustion and terror as soon as assistance arrived.

The result of the inquiry may be briefly summed up. The servant was liberated, as the evidence was not deemed sufficient to send him for trial. The bench of magistrates failed to discover any trace of the murderer, or what possible motive any one could have had for committing the crime. Two circumstances were, however, unaccounted for; one was, that a window in a disused room in the long wing of the building was found open, and the other, the mysterious disappearance of the stranger who had supped at the Antrim Arms Hotel.

IV.

After the commission of this crime a great gloom fell upon the neighborhood. The castle remained untenanted. None of the old domestics could be prevailed on to live in it, nor could others be found willing to supply their places. The building and the grounds were avoided as plague-stricken spots, and after dark few cared to venture on the road from which the castle was visible. In order to prevent the entire estate from feeling the blighting influence of the late catastrophe, Lord M. had taken it under his management, and, by virtue of his connexion with the Macartneys, was universally recognized as the representative of the absent heir. This state of things continued for eight years. During this long interval the whereabouts of George had remained a profound mystery. From the time he had disappeared from Paris, every attempt to discover the place of his retreat had been unavailing. Its discovery now was owing to a purely accidental circumstance. An intimate friend of Lord M. was stopping at Vienna. He had formerly known the Macartneys, having frequently met them during their residence in Paris. He corresponded occasionally with Lord M., and from a letter which the latter received from him at this period we make the following extract:

"VIENNA, Aug., 178-.

"MY DEAR LORD M.,—I have at length exchanged the gayeties of Paris for those of Vienna. As yet everything wears a couleur de rose appearance, but I am apprehensive that this impression will not be lasting, as the best society here is beginning already to seem nothing better than a feeble imitation of that which I have left behind.

"My journey hither, however, has enabled me to make a discovery that will greatly astonish you. At a ball given here a few evenings ago by the Countess H., I was introduced to some officers, and was particularly struck by the appearance of one of them, whose features seemed quite familiar to me, and whom I immediately recognized as the long-missing George Macartney. Time has not dealt leniently with him. His features are stern and careworn; he has grown prematurely old. His breast was resplendent with ribbons and medals, and he was addressed by the title of count. After looking at him, and listening to his voice for some time, I became convinced that I was not mistaken as to the identity of this decorated and titled personage. I watched my opportunity to accost him by his name, but I soon regretted my temerity. I shall not readily forget the look that he gave me. Indeed, if I were an artist, and wanted to paint the fall of Lucifer, the count's face, as then seen, would have served admirably for that of the ruined archangel. He received my advances with frigid politeness, complimented me on my memory, and admitted that his name was George Macartney, but that he preferred being known by the name under which he had earned his decorations and titles. He was so curt in his speech, and so abrupt in his manner, that I did not choose either to continue or to renew the conversation. As you, however, may think it necessary to write to him on family matters, I enclose his address. He is known by the name of Count S."

As soon as Lord M. had received this letter he wrote to the newly-discovered heir, informing him of all that had happened since his disappearance; of the countess's munificent gift of the castle to Eugene on his arrival in Ireland with his French wife, of the tragic end of both, and of the necessity there was for his speedy return, and that, as Eugene had left no children, his brother was now the lawful heir to all the property, of which he, Lord M., had acted as trustee in his absence.

Lord M. received a most gratifying reply. Count Macartney, as he was now styled, informed him that, in consequence of the intelligence communicated in his letter, he thought it advisable to return to Ireland. He had hitherto been ignorant of his brother's fate, and was, therefore, shocked beyond expression to hear of the mysterious and tragic end of him and Mrs. Macartney. He specified the time at which his arrival at Antrim might be expected.

Lord M. made the necessary arrangements to give him a cordial reception. Company were invited to meet him. The wonted hospitality of M—— House, even, was to be surpassed on this occasion. This mark of delicate attention was the more necessary, as the count was returning a stranger to his country, and his own house was as yet dimmed by the dark shade of the funeral pall.

Punctual to the appointed time, the count arrived at M—— mansion. Many of the nobility and gentry were there to meet him, and many others were to arrive subsequently. But the count's state of mind was not of the happiest, and indisposed him for receiving pleasure from the company. He avoided them as much as politeness would permit. His manner was calculated rather to repel than to invite their advances. This unamiable trait, together with his fondness for seclusion, was at first attributed to his foreign habits, and considered the result of his long residence among the phlegmatic Germans. But his moody disposition and frequent fits of absence could not be similarly accounted for. There was a gloom hanging over his existence, to dispel which all the arts of Lord M., and all the gayeties of M—— House, had as yet been unavailing. The ladies, however, having sat in conclave on the matter, concluded that his malady arose from a disappointment in love experienced in his youth, and that as he had then found it his bane, they suggested he might now find it his antidote. Some of the gentlemen present might, in support of this view, have quoted Homer, and said that the spear of Achilles could alone cure the wound itself had inflicted.

Lord M.'s adhesion to this article in the marriage creed was readily obtained. He became a neophyte probably through interested motives. He had two marriageable daughters, either of whom was competent to undertake the task of curing the wealthy count, provided his malady proceeded from the assigned cause. But he had also a project of his own in view, which he hoped would be equally efficacious. He knew that boyhood's associations were far the pleasantest in man's existence. He trusted that the revival of those associations in the mind of his guest would produce the intended effect. He fancied that this could be best accomplished by placing him in the immediate possession of his property, and in the habitation of his own mansion. It was in Antrim Castle that two of the most eventful years in Macartney's boyhood had been spent. His old apartments there, and his favorite walks in its pleasure-grounds, must be hallowed in his memory. If the place could be made to wear its old appearance, and be filled with gay company, Lord M. fondly expected a favorable change in Macartney's disposition, if the latter were suddenly placed in the midst of the scenes of his boyhood's pleasures and pains.

Lord M. had no sooner conceived his plan than he prepared to carry it into execution. Skilled artificers of all kinds were employed to restore the place. The castle and pleasure grounds began to wear their former aspect, and when everything was completed, Lord M. proceeded with his arrangements. He invited a number of the nobility and gentry of the surrounding country to a ball. All the tenantry on the Macartney estate were invited to an entertainment on the same day. The invitations were all addressed from M—— House, so that none as yet suspected that Antrim Castle was to be the scene of the festive gathering. This secrecy was purposely maintained, in order the more completely to surprise Macartney.

When all the preparations had been completed, the guests received timely notice to repair to Antrim Castle. In the daytime the tenantry were to be feasted on the lawn in front, and they received intimation that possibly the foreign habits of their new landlord might not make an Irish ovation unacceptable to him. As to Macartney, he was kept in ignorance of the place of revels. He was told there was to be a demonstration in honor of his return, and when the day came he resigned himself without inquiry into the hands of Lord M., to be conducted to the appointed place.

The castle was about three hours' drive from M—— House. Lord M., taking the count with him in his carriage, started at eleven o'clock for Antrim. The other members of the family, including Lady M., had preceded them. Everything, including the weather, was favorable. The tenantry were to dine at three o'clock, in a large tent erected on the lawn. A band of music was engaged to play for their entertainment.

The drive from M—— House was one of the most embarrassing that Lord M. had ever had. He did not wish to weaken the force of the surprise he had prepared for the count, by telling him whither they were going. Indeed, the latter evinced no desire to be inquisitive; he seemed more abstracted than usual, more gloomy, more averse to conversation, like a man who had a presentiment of some imminent calamity. In vain Lord M. exerted those agreeable qualities which rendered him so acceptable in society, his companion was proof against them, and preserved a sullen gravity during the journey. When the castle gates were reached, and the cheerful music, mingling with the mirthful voices of the tenantry, reached the ears of Lord M. and the count, the latter, on descending from the carriage, for the first time gazed around him.

The castle, with its well-known aspect, was before him. The lawn was decorated with a triumphal arch, and swarmed with people, who gave him a hearty cheer of welcome. On witnessing all this, the emotional expression of his face was indescribable. He looked as Louis XI. might be supposed to look on visiting some place where he had perpetrated a deed of unusual atrocity, and that this was a peasant show of mock gladness got up to greet him. He bowed his thanks, and walked with quick pace towards the castle, whilst cheer after cheer rose from the assemblage. Lady M. and her daughters were standing on the door-steps to welcome him. To their words of greeting he replied briefly, and looked as if he would gladly escape to some quiet apartment where he could indulge his melancholy mood, but it was a part of the plan to keep him amidst the bustle of the scene, and prevent him from retiring. He felt himself constrained to act in accordance with the wishes of the M. family. He presided at the dinner-table of he tenantry; he joined his friends at their repast, of which he partook very sparingly; he could not yet be induced to ascend to the drawing room, where everything was prepared for the ball in the evening, nor to go through the pleasure-grounds, where the elm-tree of his boyish days stood.

At length the time came when the ball guests might be expected. Carriage after carriage arrived, conveying numbers of the nobility and gentry, who responded heartily to the invitation of the popular and hospitable Lord M. The ball-room was dazzling with lights and female loveliness; good music, and its ball-room compliment—good dancing—were there, and Lady M. and her accomplished daughters showed by their example how the guests might thoroughly enjoy themselves. So far all went "merry as a marriage-bell," but the host had not yet appeared, and as he was personally unknown to most of the persons present, his strange absence caused a buzz of inquiry to circulate in the drawing-room. Twice had he been sent for to his apartment. The servants reported that they had found him there with his arms resting upon the table, and his head clasped between his hands as if overcome with some great sorrow, and that he had on each occasion made the same reply to their message: "Yes, yes, I am coming!" Then Lord M. became alarmed, and went himself in search of the count. He found him dressed, in the posture as described by the servants, and in a most distressing state of mind.

"Come, come, count," said he, "your guests are expecting you, and are anxious to congratulate you on your return to Ireland and your succession to this property. I have been exerting my humble powers to discharge those pleasing duties which you, with your continental manners, will be able to discharge much more gracefully—namely, the duties of the host of Antrim Castle. Come, you will find the atmosphere of the drawing-room much more genial than that of this gloomy apartment, and perhaps among the crowd of lovely women that are now your guests, you may see some one that will induce you to change your lonely bachelor habits for the social duties of married life. Believe me, my dear count, that matrimony is the best remedy for melancholy."

He then gently assisted the count to arise, and was deeply concerned to observe that the latter's appearance had been so much altered within a few hours' time. A deathly pallor overspread the face of George Macartney. He gazed with a wild stare at his friend, and accompanied him to the drawing-room. He traversed the corridor with faltering steps. The strains of music, the sound of happy voices, and of the movements of the dance, echoed through that long passage. But George Macartney was unaffected by them, and looked as if he were suddenly bereft of reason. They had advanced now too far to retreat, which Lord M. was meditating, as his companion was not in a fit state to be presented to the company. A number of gentlemen already encircled them, and their introduction to Count Macartney was being gone through, when the latter, looking through the open doorway, fixed his eyes, as it were, on empty space, started convulsively, and advanced hurriedly into the apartment. The consternation of the gentlemen and the terror of the ladies may be imagined, when they saw the man whom they had been waiting to greet as their host rush in amongst them like a maniac. With his arms extended before him, and his eyes fixed on vacancy, he exclaimed, "Eugene, I know that the time has come at which your death, and that of your wife, shall be avenged!" He then addressed the company: "I have," said he, "the primal curse upon me. It was I that murdered my brother, and my brother's wife. I entered the house by means of the elm-tree, which I used to climb as a boy, and in this very apartment revenged the wrongs which I had endured in Paris."

He was seized and hurried away before he could say more. The terror of the ladies was indescribable. Some were shrieking, some had fainted. There was a general bustle of departure; all who could were hurrying to leave a house which seemed accursed. The drawing-room was speedily emptied. The lower rooms were filled with persons whose carriages had not yet been got ready; but the continued roll of wheels, as carriage after carriage left the lawn, told with what quickness horses were being harnessed to the carriages. In the midst of the uproar the report of a pistol-shot was heard. It was now remembered that there had been no guard placed over the unhappy man whose self-denunciations were regarded as the ravings of a maniac. Lord M., followed by some friends and attendants, hastened upstairs and into the drawing-room, whence the sound had proceeded. There the lights still burned brilliantly; but the disordered and deserted state of the apartment contrasted painfully with its previous gay and festive appearance. There, on the spot where Eugene Macartney was murdered eight years before, lay the lifeless body of Count George Macartney, his hand still clutching the pistol with which he had violently ended his life—a life, the guilt or innocence of which must now remain a mystery.

☞ Jean Ingelow is not a Scotch lassie, The Boston publishers inquiring for something about herself, for the gratification of her many admirers on this side of the ocean, has received a letter from her, in which she is reported to say:—"I do not know that there is anything in my circumstances likely to interest your countrymen, unless they might care to know that I am of a Lincolnshire family, and that I have seen the window which your townsfolk gave to Boston church." The Boston Transcript says she resides in London, and is unmarried.

☞ There is a wonderful Hindoo chess-player at present in London. He plays three games blindfolded, and wins. At the same time he plays a game of cards, and wins. During the game a bell is touched every one or two seconds, and he gives the number of times it has been touched. A man stands behind and throws little pebbles one by one against his back; those too he counts. And after the games are over, and all these are told, he recites a poem in perfect rhyme, which he has composed during the sitting.

☞ It is reported that Madame Schnell, a fortune-teller of Louisville, and her two children, were lost on the steamer Sunnyside. She had accumulated $70,000 by the practice of her art, but failed to read her own fate.

☞ Miss Jean Ingelow, whose first volume of poems has achieved so sudden a popularity, has a second already announced, to appear simultaneously in England and America. It is entitled "A Sister's By-Hours."

A LAWYER NONPLUSSED.

The *Daily Press* has the following account of a case before Alderman White in this city:—

It is an amusing thing to observe the style in which some of the members of the bar cross-examine witnesses in suits that come up before the magistracy of our city. The class of lawyers to whom we allude assume an air of dignified importance, and in some cases design to be witty at the expense of witnesses. Occasionally, however, they wake up an original wit, under the force of which the "learned gentlemen" must fall.

A case of this kind came partly under our notice yesterday. It was a civil action over which the magistrate had the power to decide. The cross-examination was conducted as follows:—

Lawyer.—"Now, sir, you say that you heard the defendant say that he would pay the plaintiff $23 50 for the goods?"

Witness.—"I did, sir."

Lawyer.—"This was in the tavern?"

Witness.—"Yes, sir."

Lawyer.—"You are sure you heard the agreement?"

Witness.—"Yes, sir."

Lawyer.—"Now, do you say on your oath that you heard the agreement made?"

Witness.—"Not exactly on my oath, sir; I say no such thing."

Lawyer to Alderman.—"You hear that, your honor; please make a note of that on your docket; the witness contradicts himself."

Lawyer.—"What do you mean, sir, that you say no such thing upon your oath?"

Witness.—"That oath, sir, is registered in Heaven; I am not on it, but I'm under it."

The Alderman smiled, the lawyer looked rather spell-bound. He continued in the following manner—

Lawyer.—"Well, sir, you had some refreshments at the time of the agreement?"

Witness.—"Well, yes, sir, we had some."

Lawyer.—"You were perfectly sober, of course?"

Witness.—"Well, I reckon I was."

Lawyer.—"How many times did you drink?"

Witness. (Counting to himself.)—"Well, let me see; I reckon about five or six times."

Lawyer.—"And still you were perfectly sober?"

Witness. "Why, of course, I was just as sober then as I am now."

Lawyer.—"How many glasses does it take to make you drunk?"

Witness.—"Ah! that I cannot tell. I suppose sometimes it would take more, and sometimes less; it would depend pretty much upon the condition of my stomach."

Lawyer.—"Then, your stomach was in good order on that day?"

Witness.—"It was."

Lawyer.—"And you were perfectly sober after drinking, to your own showing, five or six glasses. Now, didn't you drink more?"

Witness.—"Not at that time; we had several drinks in the evening."

Lawyer.—"Now, sir, what did you drink; was it lager beer?"

Witness.—"No, sir."

Lawyer.—"Malt or spirituous liquor?"

Witness.—"No, sir."

Lawyer.—"Was it wine; if so, what kind?"

Witness.—"No, sir."

Lawyer.—"Was it any kind of cordial?"

Witness.—"No, sir!" (emphatically.)

Lawyer.—"Now, sir, *under* your oath, tell the magistrate what you did drink; this case is becoming important!"

Witness.—"I drank sarsaparilla."

The Alderman could not maintain his gravity any longer, but burst into a laugh that extended among the parties to the suit and spectators. The lawyer laid down his pen, and with rather pale looks, told the witness that he might retire.

☞ In all your teaching do not forget the most important of lessons—"Teach to love, so that when your eyes are old, and their sense almost extinguished, you may yet find round your sick couch and dying bed no greedy covetous looks, but anxious weeping eyes, which strive to warm your freezing life, and lighten the darkness of your last hour by thanks for their first; teach to love, I repeat; that means—do you love?—*Richter.*

☞ EDUCATION.—The endeavor to liberate, by means of a freeman, the ideal human being which lies concealed in every child.

☞ A woman named Elizabeth Mast, who died at Florence in 1768, had been married to seven husbands, all of whom she outlived. She married the last of the seven at the age of 70. When on her death-bed she recalled the good and bad points in each of her husbands, and having impartially weighed them in the balance, she singled out her fifth spouse as the favorite, and desired that her remains might be interred near his.

☞ So long as a woman inspires love, she is not old. But, what is it to be old? It does not depend upon the fact that we have existed during a certain mysterious number of years which have been allotted to each of us. To be old, is to have no longer a beauty that charms. If a woman preserves the attractions of youth until she reaches the age of one hundred, she will be younger than the woman of twenty who has lost them.

☞ An old but highly destructive method of obtaining possession of ladies' purses without inserting the hand into the pocket has been revived in Glasgow. It consists of pouring a small quantity of vitriol into the pocket, which burns the lining, and the purse drops on the street, to be picked up immediately by the hand of the operator.

☞ Sydney Smith speaks of a man so dry, that if you were to bore holes in him with a gimlet sawdust would follow.

☞ A gem or stone engraved in *relief*, or above the surface, is called a Cameo, as distinguished from an *Intaglio* or Seal, which is indented or hollowed out, so as to yield a raised impression.

SANITARY COMMISSION DEPARTMENT

WOMEN'S PENNSYLVANIA BRANCH,
1307 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

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N. E. Corner Sixth and Minor St., Phila.

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Mrs. LATHROP.
Miss M. M. DUANE.

We make the following quotation from a pamphlet entitled "Our Hospitals and the Men in Them," written by Mr. J. F. W. Ware, a gentleman of Boston, who is in no way connected with the Sanitary Commission:

I had not dreamed of the vastness and the perfectness of organization and detail of that body of which we all have heard so much, and so many have doubted, myself among the number—"The Sanitary Commission." As the grain of mustard seed expands from the smallest among seeds to be the greatest among trees, so has this small thought in one brain expanded into the vastest beneficence for the sheltering of all ills. Time would fail me to speak of it even as I saw it. The simplicity and quiet with which a vast amount of complicated work is done, the patience with which every case is heard, the wisdom with which remedies are applied, the system which stoops to detail and grasps great thoughts and develops vast plans, the firmness with which a desired reform is pushed, the courtesy and the gentlemanly hospitality of those at the headquarters, all impress you with a sense of the solid worth of the institution, and the real good it does.

I come home satisfied that in no way can so much be done for the wants of the army, as by continuing to supply the Sanitary Commission with such things as they ask. Except in rare cases, all other charity is useless, falls short of its purpose, and is wasted. I do not doubt the sincerity of young men's societies, Christian commissions, state relief societies, and all such. I do not doubt, as things are, that there is work enough for all, and that the hearty work of all can remove scarce a tittle of the want and suffering which must increase as we go: but I do regret the springing up of these separate organizations, distracting people's minds, diverting their charities, and preventing the perfect success of one grand central agency already long in the field, with vast and trained ability and resource, with knowledge and means only acquired by experience, and having facilities which government will grant to no other body. It is scattering where we need concentration, repeating here what has been our blunder in the field. A dozen of these newer agencies, at their best, cannot do what this great power might easily, through united and hearty co-operation. The Commission is national, not sectarian or sectional. Its charity is not suggested, swayed, or limited by state or denominational lines; and I repeat the words of a wounded officer, who said to me: "You can't say too much of it, or do too much for it. It is only those who have seen it as I have, who really know its work and worth."

General Burnside told me that he had every reason to speak well of the Commission, that it had followed and served him faithfully, wherever he had been; and a member of my own family, a surgeon in active service with the Army of the Potomac, from the opening of the war, declares the Commission to be the only satisfactory and reliable assistant on the field—that he has only to make his want known, and if it cannot be immediately supplied, he knows that it will be so soon as it is possible.

I beg you to understand that I am not, and am not anxious to be, the eulogist or the apologist of the Sanitary Commission. I am not, and never have been, in any way connected with it. I do not declare it perfect—it does not claim to be. I do not doubt it fails in some things—makes mistakes sometimes. I do not suppose it reaches all or can reach all; nor do I suppose it within the limits of human possibility that every case should be reached exactly in the way we should prefer by any amount of agencies that could be devised. There are a great many complaints against it which are utterly unfounded, while much of the suspicion it lies under arises from the fact that very few understand its place, what it professes to do, what are the limits of its power, and they persistently crowd on the Commission every wrong or blunder or short-coming that may be found in the administration of hospital charities, or may be reported—oftentimes ignorantly, oftentimes falsely, too often malignantly. The Commission was not established as a charitable agency. Its purposes was quite another. It found itself forced to this work. A necessity was upon it to take up this mighty task, and it did not hesitate; and unborn generations will bless its wisdom and fidelity. The evils complained of—where they are proved—must lie for the most part, somewhere among the host of surgeons, nurses, and attendants who are in the employ of government. It is exceedingly unjust and ungenerous in us to sit at home, and pick flaws in, and throw discredit on, a work which, in inception and execution, is without a parallel in human history.

The Sanitary Commission is worthy of your confidence. It furnishes the only sure medium of your charity. It can only live and do as you afford it the means. It is straightened to-day because our charity is divided. There is as much need of our charity and liberality as ever. Let it not be that, because of sectional or sectarian doubts or jealousies, a noble institution, nobly founded, thus far nobly sustained, shall be crippled in its means of usefulness, or add another to the long and dark catalogue of good things sacrificed to petty or pettish spirit of bigotry or capriciousness. Let us work heartily, let us give freely; work and give in faith and hope and unity, that when, at last, this war is over, and its history comes to be written, brighter than all the valiant deeds that may be blazoned on its pages shall be the chronicle of its charities, linking in one the loyalty of the East and the loyalty of the West—charities that shall show the world the power of Home, through her dear love to mitigate, if she cannot prevent, the sufferings of the camp and the hospital!

WOMEN'S VOICES IN OUR HOSPITALS.

An Extract from a Recent Lecture.

Before striking a new vein I will recall an incident from the Camden St. Hospital, Baltimore. My temporary home was near there. It was Sunday, and hearing music I went over, climbed up long flights of stairs, and stood in the doorway of one of the wards.

There were men who would never breathe New England air again, nor see their homes and all that was dearest. Others were slowly recovering, and the faint tinge upon their cheeks told its glad story.

In the midst of this silence, so full of sad contrasts, I listened and caught a surge of music from a choir who were singing in a hall far below. The men heard it, and turned upon their pillows to catch the faint sound. Women's voices, soft and mellow filled the air as wave after wave came beating and echoing through long corridors and narrow spaces—and this was the burden of their song:—

"We are out on the ocean sailing,
Homeward bound we sweetly glide;
We are out on the ocean sailing
To a home beyond the tide."

And then came in cheerier cadence the glad and tender refrain of assurance in deeper melody,

"All the storms will soon be over,
Then we'll anchor in the harbor;
We are out on the ocean sailing
To a home beyond the tide."

Who can realize the pathos of such a moment? The door of the Great Past,—*our* Past—swings open wide, and we see everything in a holy light; it is the moment when we approach near to ourselves—when the mind sees the dim reflection of itself in itself.

The notes so softly breathed reminded me of gray dawn and muffled oars, as fainter and yet fainter grew the music; and the imagination vividly pictures the silver sea, the little boat and the celestial shore. The silence in the sick room was deeper. I could not move. There were tears on trembling lids, for the music brought to them far more distinctly than to me, the village church and bright meadows, when Sabbath morning was doubly happy in prattling children and tinkling rivulets.

No sermon preached that day in the proud city touched the infinite in humanity as did that choir which visited the hospitals every Sunday afternoon.

No tribute I could offer would realize my emotion, or do anything like justice to their sincere and sacred ministry. The voice of woman was thenceforth invested with a new charm. It was a real *vox humana*, not to be reproduced by pipes or reeds.

W. B. BUXTON.

The articles now most needed are *mittens*, woolen drawers, shirts and socks. Domestic wines, cherry and brandy cordials, dried and canned fruits, jellies, canned *tomatoes in special demand.*

☞ A Cologne young lady of high family connections, has been sentenced to a month's imprisonment, for pulling feathers from a live ostrich in the Zoological Gardens of that city.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The market has been very inactive this week. The sales of Flour for export reach some 8,000 bbls, mostly Pennsylvania and Western extra family, at $7,25@7,50, including high grade do, at $7,62½@7,75; extras at $7@7,12½; superfine, which is scarce, at $6. Rye Flour is selling at $6,50 ₱ bbl, but the demand is limited. Corn Meal unchanged. Buckwheat Meal is steady at $3,25@3,50 ₱ 100 lbs.

GRAIN—There is no shipping demand for Wheat. Some 25,000 bus have been disposed of at 160@165c for fair to good and prime Western and Pennsylvania reds; 170c for amber, and from 175c to 190c for Pennsylvania and Kentucky White. Rye is scarce, and Pennsylvania is selling on arrival at 140c. Corn—About 30,000 bush found buyers at 110@115c for new yellow; 107@110c for white; and 123@125c for old yellow. Oats are unsettled and lower, with small sales of Pennsylvania at 85@86c, weight. Of Barley and Malt, about 15,000 bus sold on terms kept private.

PROVISIONS—The market for the Hog product generally is firm. Of Pork, sales of about 1800 bbls old Mess are reported, at $18@18¼ ₱ bbl, and new at $22; 600 bbls Beef sold at a price kept private. Beef Hams are held at $19. Dressed Hogs are firmer, and selling at 8@8¼ the 100 lbs. Bacon—There is no new here; 235,000 lbs Shoulders sold on terms kept private. Sides are scarce at 9¼@10c ₱ lb. Of Green Meats the demand is confined to Pickled Hams, at 11@11¼c ₱ lb. Lard is firm, with sales of 600 tcs at 13@13¼c; mixed packages are selling at 12@13c; keg sold at 13@14½c. Butter is unchanged and firm, with fair sales of Pennsylvania and Ohio at 20@28c; choice lots at 29@31c, and New York state at 25@28c, the latter for prime Goshen. Cheese is quiet but steady at 13@17c for common and fancy. Eggs are selling at 30c ₱ doz.

COTTON—The market has been rather more active; sales of 500 bales, in small lots, at 75@85c for low grade and good middling quality, cash.

ASHES are unchanged and very quiet.

BARK—The offerings of Quercitron are light; holders are asking $37 for 1st No 1. Tanners' Bark is unchanged.

BEESWAX—Yellow Metal is wanted at 46c ₱ lb.

COAL—There is very little shipping, and prices are unsettled and drooping.

COFFEE—The market is firm; some 450 bags have been disposed of, mostly Rio, in small lots, at 32@35c, cash and 4 mos.

COPPER is firm but quiet at previous rates.

FEATHERS are selling at 60@62c ₱ lb.

FRUIT—Sales are making at $3@3¼ for Green Apples and $3@10 ₱ bbl for Cranberries. Dried fruit is active, with free sales of Apples to note at 9@9½c, and unpared Peaches at 13@16c for quarters and halves, mostly at 15@15½c ₱ lb for the latter. Pared Peaches continue scarce and high.

HAY is selling at $34@36 ₱ ton.

HEMP—The market continues at a stand still, and without any change to note.

HOPS move off at 25@30c ₱ lb for Eastern and Western.

IRON—There is a steady demand for Pig Metal. Sales of 1,500 tons, mostly Anthracite, for future delivery, at $41@42 for No. 2, and $42@43 for No. 1, cash. There is no Scotch Pig here, but a sale of 250 tons was made to arrive at $45, cash. Blooms continue scarce and high. For manufactured Iron the demand is more active.

LEAD is firm; a sale of 100 tons is reported at $10½ for Galena, and $10½ ₱ 100 lbs, cash, for Spanish.

LEATHER—The market has been quiet. We quote the best country slaughter rough and rolled at 44@45c ₱ lb; good and damaged do. at 38@43c, six months; city tanneries at 43@45c, nett cash, for light and middle weights, and 46c do for overweights.

LUMBER—The market is firm.

MOLASSES—The market is firm but very quiet.

PLASTER—Soft firm and in request at $4,75 ₱ ton.

RICE—There is very little here, and the demand is limited at 7¼@7¾c for East India.

SEEDS—There is very little Cloverseed offering, and the demand is good at $7¼@8,10 ₱ bus. Of Timothy a further sale was made at $3 ₱ bus. Flaxseed is selling at $3,15 ₱ bus.

SPIRITS—Brandy and Gin are scarce and high. N. E. Rum is better and selling at $1@1,02. Whiskey has been unsettled and lower, with sales at 92@90c for second-hand and bright bbls, and 90@91c for Drudge.

SUGAR—A few small lots Cuba and New Orleans sold at 12¾@13¼c, cash and 6 mos.

TALLOW—The market is quiet at 12@12½c ₱ lb.

TOBACCO—The market is firm but inactive.

WOOL—Sales of 170,000 lbs are reported at 80@83c for ¼ to ⅜ blood and fine fleece.

R. R. R.

Diptheria, Sore Throat, Influenza, Croup, Hoarseness, Difficult Breathing, bad Cough, Colds, Pain in the Back, Loins, Spine, Toothache, Earache, Rheumatism, Lumbago. If seized with either of these maladies, use Radway's Ready Relief. It will stop pain as soon as applied. Let none fail to use it, it will afford immediate ease, break up the disease, and may prevent a serious illness.

DOCTOR, WILL MY CHILD LIVE?

Asked an anxious mother of her physician. "Madam," replied the Doctor, "all that science can suggest have been applied, I can do no more." At this instant Mrs. Cummings, a well-known nurse, entered the sick chamber, and overhearing the Doctor's reply, said, "Have you tried Radway's Ready Relief?" "No," responded the Doctor, "it is a quack nostrum." "A quack nostrum," indignantly retorted Mrs. C., "and yet, Doctor, this simple remedy will cure this child, that you give no hopes of recovery. I know its virtues, and will stake my life on its curing the child." "Madam," replied the Doctor, turning to the mother, "if you suffer this woman to interfere with my treatment, you and she must bear the responsibility." Mrs. C. however applied the Ready Relief to the throat of the apparently dying child, who was suffering from *Diptheria*, and in a few minutes the child breathed freely; ere the morning the child was safe. Had the Doctor's advice been followed, the child would have died. Let every mother keep Radway's Ready Relief in the house.

RADWAY & Co., 87 Malden Lane, New York.
"Sold by Druggists."

Health for the Sick and Afflicted.

SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY
SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY
SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY
SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY

The Great Remedy for
The Great Remedy for
Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Spitting Blood, Difficulty of Breathing, Pain in the Side and Breast, Palpitation or Disease of the Heart, Influenza, Croup, Broken Constitution, Sore Throat, Nervous Debility, and all Diseases of the Throat, Breast and Lungs.

For thirty years it has been a standard remedy, curing the most obstinate cases after all other remedies and treatment had failed. Prepared only by Dr. SWAYNE & SON, No. 330 North Sixth St., Philadelphia. nov7-3m

Gray Hair Restored, Baldness Prevented

"London Hair Color Restorer and Dressing."
"London Hair Color Restorer and Dressing."
"London Hair Color Restorer and Dressing."
"London Hair Color Restorer and Dressing."

The only attested article that will absolutely restore the hair to its original color and beauty, causing it to grow where it has fallen off or become thin. Wholesale and retail, at Doctor SWAYNE'S, 330 North Sixth street, Philada. Price 50 cents; 6 bottles $2,50. nov7-3m

LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S
FURS.
THE LARGEST AND BEST STOCK IN THE CITY,
AT
CHAS. OAKFORD & SONS,
CONTINENTAL HOTEL,
nov14-3m PHILADELPHIA.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 23d of Dec. by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. GEORGE W. BROOKS, to Miss MARGARET DIETZ, daughter of Jos. Dietz, both of this city.

On the 24th of Dec. by the Rev. J. Thompson, Mr. RICHARD HILL, to Miss MARY A. MILLER, both of this city.

On the 22d of Dec. by the Rev. M. C. Sutphen, WILLIAM R. GRANGER, to EMMA C. KINZIE, both of this city.

On the 24th of Dec. by the Rev. Samuel Durborow, Mr. JOHN C. NEWBERRY, to Miss SALLIE SINGLETON.

On the 24th of Dec. by the Rev. D. Gaston, Mr. DAVID HARVEY, to Miss SALLIE KELLEY, both of this city.

On the 20th of Dec. by the Rev. B. F. Price, EDWARD CARROLL, Lieut. Col. 95th Pa. Vols. to MARY E. daughter of Henry J. Gideon, Esq. both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 30th of Dec. TOWNSEND SHARPLESS, in his 71st year.

In Augusta, Maine, on Tuesday, Dec. 22d, Rev. BENJAMIN TAPPAN, D. D. aged 75 years.

On 1st-day morning, 19th mo. 27th of Dec. POWELL STACKHOUSE, in his 79th year.

On the 29th of Dec. DAVID HAMILTON, in his 67th year.

On the 28th of Dec. HENRY S. COOPER, in his 34 year.

On the 29th of Dec. ALBERT BENTON, in his 67th year.

On the 28th of Dec. CHARLES SHOEMAKER, in his 50th year.

On the 27th of Dec., Col. GEORGE G. WEST, in his 60th year.

On the 27th of Dec. Mrs. ANN, wife of Wm. Slater, in her 66th year.

On the 27th of Dec. Mr. JOHN MITCHELL, in his 60th year.

On the 28th of Dec. ROSEY HARRISON, in her 70th year.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1571 head. The prices realized were from 7 to 11 cts ₱ lb. 100 Cows brought from $20 to 36 ₱ head. 2200 Sheep were sold at from 5 to 6c ₱ lb gross. 1100 Hogs brought from $8,50 to 9,50 ₱ cwt net.

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Have purchased the old school Pennsylvania College, together with the Museum and apparatus for teaching.

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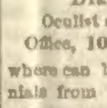

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Like all medicines, must be used as prescribed to insure the desired effect. These, when followed, never fail to afford relief, and when persevered in, a permanent cure.

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In all ACUTE and CHRONIC CATARRHAL AFFECTIONS, and for BRONCHITIS, it ought to be taken at least two or three times daily, and oftener, as convenience will admit, snuffed up thoroughly, so as to be felt *in the throat*, where its taste is pleasant, (*as it contains no tobacco,*) promoting free expectoration and the necessary discharge from the head.

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WM. RALTSON,—Dear Sir:—Having tried the Cattle Powder, manufactured by you, I consider it a good article for the diseases of Horses, and as good a preparation as there is in the market. HIRAM WRIGHT,
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GERMAN BITTERS,
PREPARED BY
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IS NOT A
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SUBSTITUTE FOR RUM,
OR AN
INTOXICATING BEVERAGE,
BUT A HIGHLY CONCENTRATED
VEGETABLE EXTRACT.
A PURE TONIC,
Free from Alcoholic Stimulant
OR
INJURIOUS DRUGS,
AND WILL EFFECTUALLY CURE
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HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS
WILL CURE EVERY CASE OF
Chronic or Nervous Debility, Disease of the Kidneys, and Diseases arising from a Disordered Stomach.

OBSERVE THE FOLLOWING SYMPTOMS
Resulting from Disorders of the Digestive Organs.

Constipation, Inward Piles, Fullness of Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust for Food, Fullness or weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Pit of the Stomach, Swimming of the Head, Hurried and Difficult Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Back, Chest, Limbs, &c., &c., Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh, Constant Imaginings of Evil, and great Depression of Spirits.

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WILL GIVE YOU
A GOOD APPETITE,
STRONG NERVES,
HEALTHY NERVES,
STEADY NERVES,
BRISK FEELINGS,
ENERGETIC FEELINGS,
HEALTHY FEELINGS
A GOOD CONSTITUTION,
A STRONG CONSTITUTION
A HEALTHY CONSTITUTION,
A SOUND CONSTITUTION.

WILL MAKE THE
WEAK STRONG,
WILL MAKE THE
DELICATE HEARTY,
WILL MAKE THE
THIN STOUT,
WILL MAKE THE
DEPRESSED LIVELY,
WILL MAKE THE
SALLOW COMPLEXION CLEAR,
WILL MAKE THE
DULL EYE CLEAR AND BRIGHT,
Will prove a blessing in
EVERY FAMILY.
Can be used with perfect safety by
MALE OR FEMALE, OLD OR YOUNG.

PARTICULAR NOTICE.

There are many preparations sold under the name of Bitters, put up in quart bottles, compounded of the cheapest whiskey or common rum, costing from 20 to 40 cents per gallon, the taste disguised by Anise or Coriander Seed. &c.

This class of Bitters has caused, and will continue to cause, as long as they can be sold, hundreds to die the death of the drunkard. By their use the system is kept continually under the influence of Alcoholic Stimulants of the worst kind, the desire for Liquor is created and kept up, and the result is all the horrors attendant upon a drunkard's life and death. BEWARE OF THEM.

For those who desire and WILL HAVE a Liquor Bitters, we publish the following receipt:—Get ONE BOTTLE OF HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS and mix with THREE QUARTS OF GOOD BRANDY OR WHISKEY, and the result will be a preparation that will FAR EXCEL in medicinal virtues and true excellence any of the numerous Liquor Bitters in the market, and will COST MUCH LESS. You will have all the virtues of HOOFLAND'S BITTERS in connection with a GOOD article of Liquor, at a much less price than these inferior preparations will cost you.

DELICATE CHILDREN,

Those suffering from MARASMUS, wasting away, with scarcely any flesh on their bones, are cured in a very short time; one bottle in such cases will have most surprising effect.

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Resulting from fevers of any kind—These Bitters will renew your strength in a very short time.

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The chills will not return if these bitters are used.—No person in a Fever and Ague District should be without them.

FROM REV. J. NEWTON BROWN, D. D., EDITOR OF THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF RELIGIOUS KNOWLEDGE.

Although not disposed to favor or recommend Patent Medicines in general, through distrust of their ingredients and effects, I yet know of no sufficient reasons why a man may not testify to the benefits he believes himself to have received from any simple preparation, in the hope that he may thus contribute to the benefit of others.

I do this more readily in regard to Hoofland's German Bitters, prepared by Dr. C. M. JACKSON, of this city, because I was prejudiced against them for many years, under the impression that they were chiefly an alcoholic mixture. I am indebted to my friend Robert Shoemaker, Esq., for the removal of this prejudice by proper tests, and for encouragement to try them, when suffering from great and long continued debility. The use of three bottles of these Bitters, at the beginning of the present year, was followed by evident relief, and restoration to a degree of bodily and mental vigor which I had not felt for six months before, and had almost despaired of regaining. I therefore thank God and my friend for directing me to the use of them. J. NEWTON BROWN.
Philadelphia, June 23, 1862.

ATTENTION, SOLDIERS!
AND THE FRIENDS OF SOLDIERS.

We call the attention of all having relations or friends in the army to the fact that "HOOFLAND'S German Bitters" will cure nine-tenths of the diseases caused by exposures and privations incident to camp life. In the lists, published almost daily in the newspapers, on the arrival of the sick, it will be noticed that a very large proportion are suffering from debility. Every case of that kind can be readily cured by Hoofland's German Bitters. We have no hesitation in stating that if these Bitters were freely used among our soldiers, hundreds of lives might be saved that otherwise would be lost.

The proprietors are daily receiving thankful letters from sufferers in the army and hospitals, who have been restored to health by the use of these Bitters, sent to them by their friends.

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS!

See that the signature of "C. M. JACKSON" is on the WRAPPER of each bottle.

PRICES.

Large Size, $1,00 per Bottle, or Half Dozen $5,00.
Medium Size, 75 do. or Half Dozen $4,00.

The Large Size, on account of the quantity the Bottles hold, are much the cheaper.

Should your nearest Druggist not have the article, do not be put off by any of the interesting preparations that may be offered in its place, but send to us, and we will forward, securely packed, by express.

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JONES & EVANS,
(Successor to C. M. JACKSON & Co.,)
Proprietors.

☞ For sale by Druggists and Dealers in every town in the United States. ap15-cowly

Wit and Humor.

"A HUNDRED DOLLAR NOTE."

Old Mr. V——, a well-to-do farmer out in Illinois, had some marriageable daughters; and, being one of that class of men who think their daughters should get married as soon as they are out of their short clothes, felt somewhat chagrined that his girls should remain on his hands so long.

Now there was a young fellow in the neighborhood who had been waiting on the V—— girls for some time, and had gone the rounds from oldest to youngest; and the old man had been anxiously waiting for, and expecting young B—— to ask his "consent" for some one of the girls, but as yet had waited in vain. B——, however, had proposed and had been accepted; but the old folks had not been made acquainted with the fact.

Now, in the meantime, young B—— had purchased a fine horse of the old gent, and had given his note on six months' time for one hundred dollars. Well, pay-day was fast approaching, and B—— had not the "ready" to meet it; so, the day before the note became due, young B—— made his way over to the old gent's, determining to ask for his daughter—hoping thereby to get an extension on the note, at least.

As good luck would have it, he met the old man in the yard, and was about to go through with that somewhat embarrassing ceremony, of "asking consent," when imagine his surprise and joy, the old gent broke out with the following:—

"Look here, B——, you young rascal, you have been courtin' my gals for more'n a year; you've been gadin' and cuttin' round with the hull on 'em. Now, your note comes due to-morrow, and I'll tell you what I'll do. You shall marry one of the gals—I don't care a snap which—and I'll give you a good settin' out, and your hundred dollar note to boot; and if you don't, I'll sue you, by thunder."

"It's a bargain," says B——, I'll do it." And the next week there was a "tall wedding" down at the old man V——'s; and to this day B—— chuckles over the way the old man gave his consent without asking, "and a hundred dollar note to boot."

A MINISTER WHO LOVED HORSES

In the contiguous town of Lower Salem dwelt an aged minister, by the name of Mead. He was all his life marked with eccentricity, and about those days of which I speak, his mind was rendered yet more erratic by a touch of paralysis. He was, however, still able to preach, and on a certain Sunday, having exchanged with my father, he was in the pulpit and engaged in making his opening prayer. He had already begun his invocation, when David P——, who was the Jehu of that generation, dashed by the front door upon a horse, a clever animal, of which he was but too proud—in a full, round trot. The echo of the clattering hoofs filled the church, which, being of wood, was sonorous as a drum, and arrested the attention as well of the minister as the congregation, even before the rider had reached it. The minister was fond of horses, almost to frailty; and, from the first, his practiced ear perceived that the sounds came from a beast of bottom. When the animal shot by the door, he could not restrain his admiration; which was accordingly thrust into the very marrow of his prayer: "We pray Thee, oh, Lord, in a particular and peculiar manner—*that's a real smart critter*—to forgive us our manifold trespasses, in a particular and peculiar manner, &c."—*Peter Parley's Own Story.*

GO AHEADISM.—Sir Charles Lyell, when in the United States, received the following advice from a friend:—When you are racing with an opposition steamboat, or chasing her, and the other passengers are cheering the captain, who is sitting on the safety-valve to keep it down with his weight, go as far as you can from the engine, and lose no time, especially if you hear the captain exclaim, "Fire up, boys—put on the resin!" Should a servant call out, "Those gentlemen who have not paid their passage will please go to the ladies' cabin!" obey the summons without a moment's delay, for then an explosion may be apprehended. "Why to the ladies' cabin?" said I. "Because it is the end of the boat, and they are getting anxious for the personal security of those who have not yet paid their dollars, being, of course, indifferent about the rest. Therefore, never pay in advance, for should you fall overboard during the race, and the watch cries out to the captain, "A passenger overboard!" He will ask, "Has he paid his passage?" and if he receives an answer in the affirmative, he will call out, "Go ahead!"

☞ "That's a fine strain," said one gentleman to another, alluding to the tones of a singer at a concert the other evening. "Yes," said a countryman, who sat near, "but if she strains much more she will burst."

☞ Punch says it is a trying moment when your new coat comes home from the tailor's.

ANECDOTE OF LAMB.—At a dinner-table one evening, a seafaring guest was describing a terrific naval engagement, of which he was a spectator, on board a British man-of-war.

"While I was watching the effects of the galling fire upon the masts and rigging," said he, "there came a cannon ball, which took off both legs from a sailor who was in the shrouds. He fell toward the deck, but at that moment another cannon ball whizzed over us, which, strange to say, took off both his arms, which fell upon deck, while the poor fellow's limbless trunk was carried overboard."

"Heaven's!" exclaimed Lamb, who was present, "didn't you save him?"

"No," replied the naval Munchausen; "he couldn't swim, of course, and sank before assistance could be rendered him."

"It was a sad, sad loss!" said Lamb, musingly; "if he could have been picked up, what an ornament to society he might have become!"

A CASE OF CURIOSITY.—Some people have very inquiring minds; but few, we think, carry their curiosity so far as the fellow who rang the bell of a fashionable residence the other day, and when the servant girl made her appearance, politely inquired, "What are you going to have for dinner to-day?" The girl, thinking the man was one of their tradesmen, and had made the inquiry in a business capacity, innocently replied, "Mutton, sir." "Mutton—with sauce?" "Yes, sir." "Ah, well! I was passing by, and thought I would inquire. Good-morning." The servant was indignant when she came to comprehend the man's motive, but he was too far up the street to hear her angry denunciations.

HARMONY OF COLORS.

If there is one thing which jars upon my nerves worse than another, it is want of harmony in color. A false note or a discord is bad enough, and gives me all sorts of creepy sensations in the midriff; but to see the flagrant violations of taste which ladies display in the matter of colors drives me frantic.

Surely there are certain rules and canons which might be laid down for ladies to follow, a few simple axioms, such as the agreement of light blue with a blonde complexion, yellow with a brunette, dark colors with light hair, and bright with dark locks, &c. And, indeed, it is generally remarked that the French—at anyrate, the French milliners—hit off the harmonies and contrasts with a kind of instinctive taste; but this is far from being the case in England.

I am not sufficiently versed in the science of the matter to say why the colors harmonise or disagree, but I can tell when they offend my eye and taste. Those browns and *couleurs de cuir* were bad enough last winter, but now, alas! since plaids are come in, the effect—don't faint—is *queerer* still. It was alarming to see a whity-brown complexion and hair, made still more ghastly by the juxtaposition of a vellum-colored bonnet and ribbons. But why must every lady adopt plaid, whether it suits her or not? Why should my devotions be disturbed, as they were last Sunday, by the apparition of a red face and yellow hair, set off by a red and yellow plaid, and a *cerâ antiqua* complexion, made greener still by a bonnet of Glengarry tartan? I am very fond of Scotch plaids, but they are risky, and the wearing of them is not to be enterprized unadvisedly without regard to complexion and *tournure*. If plaids are to be worn without discretion and soberness, I shall wish that all the bonnets—blue, green, and the rest of them—were over the border again.

BILGE WATER.—The mariners at sea count it the sweetest perfume when the water in the keel of their ship doth stink. For hence they conclude that it is but little, and long since leaked in; but it is woful with them when the water is felt before it is smelt, as fresh flowing in upon them in abundance. It is the best savor in a Christian soul when his sins are loathsome and offensive unto him. A happy token that there hath not been of late in him any insensible supply of heinous offences, because his stale sins are still his new and daily sorrow.

APOCALYPTIC STUDIES.—God, in the New Testament, hath placed all historical and practical matter (needful for Christians to know and believe) in the beginning of the Gospel. All such truths lie above ground, plainly visible in the literal sense. The prophetical and difficult part comes in the close. But though the Testament was written in Greek, too many read it like Hebrew, beginning at the end thereof. How many trouble themselves about the Revelation, who might be better busied in plain divinity.

☞ Johnny Reb was looking at one of our guns, and remarked that he "didn't think that the Yanks would use them much longer." "Why not?" inquired one of the Feds. "Because," said he, "the Confederacy is getting so narrow that you'll fire clear over it and hit your men on the other side."

☞ The phrase high *ton* so long monopolized by the fashionable world, now belongs to the coal dealers. A ton of coal at eleven dollars, is *high ton* with a vengeance.

AWFUL TREATMENT OF A LAP DOG.

LADY.—"What on earth, Mary, have you been doing with that dog; he is dripping with water?"

MARY.—"It's all Master Tom; he's been and tied him to the end of a pole, and cleaned the winders with him."

MY LITTLE FRIEND.

A pair of clear blue eyes,
Shyly outbeaming from beneath a brow
Untroubled as those fair and distant skies
That stretch above me now.

Two little rosy lips,
So tempting that my own I cannot check;
Two clinging hands, whose tiny fingers' tips
Just meet around my neck.

A wealth of golden curls,
Low drooping to the dimpled cheek and chin;
A ready, open smile, showing the pearls
That gleam within.

This is my little friend:
I call him so, for when my heart's depress'd
With this world's fickleness, his love doth lend
A gladness to my breast.

I take him on my knee,
And, gazing down into his clear blue eyes,
The angel Innocence looks out at me,
And calmer thoughts arise.

Then Faith comes, and she flings
Aside the dimming veil of earthly cares,
Quickens my heart's low, feeble flutterings,
And strengthens all my pray'rs.

Oh, happy, happy child!
No marvel that my spirit turns to thee;
Thy guardian angels on *my* path once smil'd,—
My path of infancy.

BONNETS.—As we are on the subject of fashions, one word of bonnets. The newest mode is the fringe of beads in the Empress's toilette. All the new bonnets have this fringe in front, and some even at the back of the bonnets, which are less high in front than last year's, and far less so than those worn in England at present. Chenille fringes are also much worn, especially when the bonnet is made of dark velvets and satins, or trimmed with blue and green plaid, which are the colors most used for that purpose. Velvet flowers are much employed on winter bonnets, and a variety of leaves in velvets, mixed with feathers, are more fashionable than either flowers or feathers singly. It is quite a mistake to suppose that any one moving in good society continues to wear at this season of the year, in Paris, the fanciful hats permitted at the sea-side in the autumn. Save on some few notorieties and travellers, hats have disappeared altogether, although, no doubt, the hunting and shooting parties at Compiegne will admit of such displays there.—*From a Parisian Correspondent.*

NAMES OF WAR SHIPS.—I never did read, nor can learn from any, that ever Queen Elizabeth had any ship-royal, which in the name thereof carried the memorial of any particular conquest she got either by land or by water. Yet was she as victorious as any prince in her age, and her conquests were mostly achieved against foreign enemies. The ships of her navy had only honest and wholesome names, the "Endeavor," the "Bonaventure," the "Return," the "Unity," etc.

☞ A little boy of three summers had gone to bed with his parents, tired, cross, and crying, from rompings of the day, and on into the night kept up his peevishness, until the father was satisfied that the difficulty had degenerated into sheer ill nature. Having exhausted moral suasion, he gave the youngster a thorough "slapping." The little fellow day sobbing a few moments, and then turning and throwing his arm about his father's neck, he said, in a new found tone of cheerfulness, "Pa, you *do* know what's good for me, don't you?"

☞ Napoleon says that "bayonets think." Yes, and few thinkers have so much keenness, point, and penetration as they.

Useful Receipts.

RAGS.—Probably few know the full value of rags in an economical point of view, (I imagine they are more plenty than whole cloth now,) and I venture to give a bit of information, though some interested in the price of paper may not thank me for it. Rags of any fabric shred fine like carpet rags, thrown loosely together, and then spread evenly into a tick the desired thickness, and tacked like hair, cotton batting, &c., will make a good mattress, or cushion for chairs, lounges, cribs, wagon-seats, or even beds. According to my way of thinking, they are almost as good as hair, and better than cotton batting. Care should be taken to spread them so, that they will be the same thickness throughout when pressed down. When they are part woolen or heavy rags, spread each kind over the whole surface; or otherwise, spread the thick ones thinner, as they will not press down so much as the same bulk of light ones. The remnants after cutting carpet rags, are, a large share of them, generally fine enough, and only need freeing from dust; this can be done by pouring them slowly from one basket into another, out of doors, in a slight breeze. Heavy hems or seams should be thrown out. The ravelings of old worn-out carpets are good, if only well cleaned.—N. Y. Z., in *Prairie Farmer.*

CAMPHOR BALLS.—1. Melt three drachms of spermaceti and four drachms of white wax with one ounce of almond oil; and stir in three drachms of powdered camphor. Pour the compound into gallipots, so as to form cakes. They may be colored with alkanet, etc. 2. Lard, two ounces; white wax, two ounces; powdered camphor, half an ounce; melt, and proceed as before. Used for rubbing on the hands after washing them, to prevent chaps, and also to whiten the skin.

APPLE BISCUITS.—Boil apples in water until soft, then take them out and rub through a wire sieve, flavor with a drop or two of essence or oil of lemon, and if you like the taste, a drop of the oil of cloves. Add lump sugar equal in weight to the pulp, and grind it with it; roll the sugared pulp into flat cakes about a quarter of an inch thick, and cut them into shapes. Finally, dry them in a very slow oven, the heat not being strong enough to bake them or melt the sugar; they may be dried also by the summer's sun. They often require to be partially dried before they can be rolled out. They may, instead of rolling, be dropped on to paper, or put in a ring of paper upon a slightly greased iron plate.

POTATO RIBBONS.—Cut the potatoes into slices rather less than an inch thick, free them from the skins, and then pare round and round in very thin and long ribbons. Place them in a pan of cold water, and a short time before they are wanted on table drain them from the water. Fry them in hot lard or good dripping, until they are quite crisp and browned; drain and dry them on a soft cloth, pile them on a hot dish, and season them with salt and cayenne in fine powder.

HASHED MUTTON.—Cut the meat into thin slices, pepper, salt, and flour it according to your palate. Break the bone to suit your saucepan, and add water according to the size of your bone—say half a pint. Take two onions sliced, fry them a nice dark brown in a little lard or dripping; mix them with the bone, and a crust of bread toasted a dark brown, but not black. Let them stew about half an hour. Strain the gravy, add the meat to it, let it coddle slightly, taste, and add a dust more flour to it if not thick enough; pepper and salt to fancy. A little lemon peel will improve the flavor, or a little lemon pickle, or any other pickle. A little ketchup, a little of Soyer's sauce, and a glass of port wine, separately or united, form a nice seasoning.

Agricultural.

FRUITS IN THE NORTHWEST.

Farmer C., a dozen years ago, planted out about one hundred apple trees. He kept the ground cultivated five or six years, then seeded down to grass. Before seeding it had commenced to come into bearing. Soon after seeding down, his yield of fruit showed signs of growing less instead of more. Farmer C. could not understand why his orchard refused to yield him fruit. In conversation with a neighbor, he got an inkling of what was the matter. He was told the mischief lay in seeding down his young orchard. If that is the case, I will straightway break it up. He did so. The second year after cultivation, he picked a heavy crop for so young an orchard. This year he has raised about three hundred bushels of fruit, the most of which he has sold for one dollar per bushel.

Farmer L., likewise, seeded down his young orchard, but the result was such that he soon ploughed again. Now the trees are loaded with good crops yearly. Not fully convinced, he left an isolated patch of trees growing in grass—or trying to grow. They bear no fruit to speak of, and are not half the size of others growing in his garden, located side by side.

Farmer B. has had his young orchard down to grass for the last three or four years. His trees look forsaken, and have been dying out the last year, and yield him no fruit of consequence. His garden lays alongside of his orchard, and trees in that are growing and yielding finely. Another orchard, not three miles from the above, on a similar soil, yields now five hundred bushels per annum. The trees have been kept cultivated, but bear marks of having been badly used, being badly scarred and mangled by careless cultivation. I have two orchards in view, located not over eight rods apart. One is seeded down to grass. The other has its trees all scarred and mangled by careless cultivation. Yet with this drawback the cultivated orchard is a long way ahead.

Go where you will in the Northwest, trees are looking finely as a general thing, in cultivated grounds. But as a general thing they are looking half starved, sickly, and more dead than alive, where the grounds are overgrown with grass and weeds.

Experienced cultivators and observing men recommend the following varieties as valuable apples for cultivation in the Northwest, and as being extra hardy. They furnish a supply the year round:

Red Astrachan, Dutchess Oldenburg, Fall Stripe, Ant. Strawberry, Sweet Pear, Fameuse, Fall Wine Sap, Colvert, Older, Sweet Wine, Tollman Sweet, Pomme Gris, Northern Spy, Winter Wine Sap, Perry Russet, Golden do., Raules Janet, Canada Black, Red Romanite, Dumelows.

There are nearly as many more that promise well, but have not had thorough trial, which will give entire surety in their ability to stand our hard winters.

Eastern varieties that are hardy grow very fair fruit, and of good size. Canada and eastern people are often at a loss to recognize well-known varieties.—L. L. FAIRCHILD, in *N. H. Farmer.*

TREATMENT OF WOUNDS IN HORSES.—A correspondent recommends the following remedy for the healing of wounds upon horses: "Saltpetre should be dissolved in warm water, in such proportions as to be moderately strong to the taste, and blue stone added until the solution is *slightly* tinged. This, and nothing else, is to be used as a wash, two or three times a day. It purifies the wound, destroys the proud flesh, produces granulations immediately, and heals the wounds in a surprisingly short time. I have had a horse badly kicked, and otherwise hurt, in midwinter and midsummer, and their cure was equally rapid, and afterwards no scar was visible. The wound requires no covering—flies will not approach it, and dressing it with a mop of rags tied to a stick is very little trouble. Wounds do not require to be sewed up under this treatment; at least I never saw any advantage from it, as the stitches have uniformly torn out."—*Michigan Farmer.*

THE CROW A PINE PLANTER.—J. Thomson, of Leeds, says, in the Gardener's Chronicle, that "In one of the pine-clad straith's of the Highlands of Scotland I have frequently seen great numbers of crows pass over my head, carrying in their bills to a neighboring hill something resembling a potato. I first thought that they did actually carry potatoes there for convenience of eating them, but on a closer observation I saw them dig a hole in the ground with their beaks, and then deposit what appeared to be a potato, but which, on examination, proved to be cones from fir trees. For what purpose they planted them there I am unable to say, but the result was that in a few years young firs began to spring up in all directions. A beginning thus being made, the hill was planted and enclosed, and is now covered with a beautiful and thriving plantation of firs.

☞ Generally, as soon as a man is supposed to have a little money, his wife gets too lame to walk, and must have a carriage.

The Riddler.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 45 letters.

My 12, 6, 20, 8, 41, 3, 37, 11, was the father of Jupiter.

My 14, 2, 38, 13, 7, 40, was the mother of Bacchus.

My 1, 35, 5, 10, 31, 19, was a monster killed by Hercules.

My 24, 18, 22, 33, 43, 42, 8, 14, was the son of Jupiter and King of Lydia.

My 28, 9, 23, 4, 21, was a wonderful sorceress.

My 26, 28, 6, 32, 31, was one of the muses that presides over lyric poetry.

My 39, 15, 9, 37, 11, was the son of Neptune, to whom a magnificent temple was built.

My 16, 31, 41, 1, 31, 44, 15, were the three daughters of Phureus and Ceto, who had but one eye between them.

My 25, 40, 28, 29, 4, 14, is the Greek name for Mercury.

My 17, 10, 29, 37, 14, was the elder brother of Remulus.

My 27, 42, 35, 36, 30, 31, was one of the three Fairies.

My 34, 23, 7, 35, 44, 18, was the most beautiful woman of her age; and also caused the Trojan war.

My 32, 43, 31, 41, 27, is the goddess of flowers.

My 34, 30, 43, 5, 18, was a celebrated serpent killed by Hercules.

My whole is the name of a general, and that of an army, to whom the people of the North cannot be too grateful for the great deeds performed by them in the cause of the Union.

Bartlett, N. H. RAVENWOOD.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

When some young bairn o'or heather fair,
Would wander from the mither's side,
My first in Scottish accents sounds,
As there she bids the darling bide.
My second is a river bright,
That winds o'er southern Europe's strands,
My third greenly inviting spreads,
Broad, rich and gay, in many lands.
My fourth, a watch-word, oft is heard,
In ringing tones, a battle cry;
And gallant ranks rush at the word,
To fight, to conquer, or to die!
My whole a military man,
Whose fame has rung the world throughout,
Once held a throne with despot sway,
And tumbled kings and crowns about!

Baltimore, Md. EMILY.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 1st is in wet, but not in dry.
My 2nd is in live, but not in die.
My 3rd is in heat, but not in cold.
My 4th is in young, but not in old.
My 5th is in white, but not in black.
My 6th is in nail, but not in tack.
My 7th is in go, but not in-clay.
My whole comes regularly every day.

Stonington, Ill. C. C. MIDDLETON.

ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There is a number consisting of two digits, which, when divided by the product of the sum of its digits into the second, gives a quotient equal to the sum of its digits divided by three times the first; but if the digits be inverted, and the resulting number be divided by the product of the sum of its digits into the first, the quotient shall equal the sum of its digits divided by three-sevenths of the second. What is the number? FRANCIS W. HIBBARD.

Jefferson, Harrison Co., Ohio.

☞ An answer is requested.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I accost a friend in the street and ask him how much he gave for his hat? He says if you take ⅓ of it and multiply it by 3, and add ⅓ of the amount you obtained by quartering and multiplying, you have the price of the hat. How much did it cost?

Philadelphia, Pa. WM. T. TOTTEN.

☞ An answer is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

☞ Why are the drinking saloons in Dixie like a corn-cob? Ans.—Because they are generally surrounded by colonels.

☞ Why should Job have been considered a wealthy man? Ans.—Because he had so many aches.

☞ Why is the letter R very unfortunate? Ans.—Because it is always found in trouble, wretchedness, and misery; it is always the beginning in riots and ruin, and never found in peace, innocence, chastity or love.

☞ Why does the letter R hold an enviable position? Ans.—Because it is never found in sin; but always in temperance, industry, virtue, and prosperity. It is the beginning of religion, and the end of war.

☞ When is the neuralgia in the face like the ancient money-changers? Ans.—When it is seated in the temple. BILLIE.

Huntington, O.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN OUR LAST.

REVOLUTIONARY HISTORICAL ENIGMA—Surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown in seventeen hundred and eighty-one. ENIGMA—Life, Love, and Liberty. DOUBLE REBUS—The Rejected Wife—Mrs. Ann S. Stephens. (Tom, Huber, Euripides, Ravenna, Eden, Jupiter, Erebus, Calais, Trout, Erie, Dew, Welsh, Irene, Fashion, Epilepsis.) CHARADE—Patagonia. (Pat-a-go-nigh-a.)